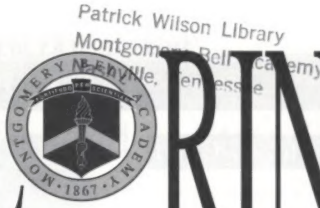


THE BELL RINGER



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MONTGOMERY BELL ACADEMY

JUNE 1, 1990

Totomoi inducts four Cum Laude takes in Frist and thirteen students

by Philip Westerman
reporter

During the assembly of May 15, Totomoi, MBA's honorary fraternity, had its Spring Tapping. Inducted were one senior, two juniors, and one faculty member.

Totomoi places a strong emphasis on integrity, loyalty, and service to the school, and its membership is based upon the following aspects: scholarship, athletics, student government, dramatics, and other extracurricular activities. Totomoi inducts stu-

dents, faculty, and other people in the MBA community who contribute to the well-being of the school.

Student body members prior to the Spring Tapping are seniors Alden Smith, Kevin Kruse, Rénard François, Simon Westlake, David Lott, Billy Crawford, Devraj Basu, Scott Burrow, Matt Fisher.

New members inducted include senior Mauro Mastrapasqua, juniors Casey Jones and Luke Davis, and faculty member Mr. Jim Poston.



From Staff Reports

On May 9, the Cum Laude Society held its annual induction ceremony. Fourteen new members were installed for their dedication to the excellence, justice, and honor exemplified by the Cum Laude motto. The national Society was established in 1906 to honor strong students in the same way as Phi Beta Kappa does on the college level, and the MBA chapter was allocated in 1981 after a rigorous selection process. The top fifteen percent of any graduating class may be inducted in

to the Society. Up to half may enter at the end of their Junior year, and the remainder at the end of their Senior year. Stu-

ducted for his enduring dedication to education. Dr. Frist, who is a renowned heart surgeon and the director of the Vanderbilt Transplant Center, gave a very inspiring speech about the role of education and experimentation in transplant medicine and the high demand for organ donors.

*Arété - Excellence
Diké - Justice
Timé - Honor*

dent members inducted last year are Seniors Devraj Basu, Kirk Kaludis, John Koon, Kevin Kruse, and David Lott.

In addition to this year's thirteen new student members, Dr. William H. Frist, MBA Class of 1970, was in-

Joining Dr. Frist in being honored were seniors Scott Burrow, Andrew Coulam, Eric Falk, Matt Fisher, Rob Lentz, Mauro Mastrapasqua, and Eugene Park. The juniors inducted were Micah Bennett, Luke Davis, Wally Jones, James Nash, Greg Parker, and Babu Paruchuri.

Fine Arts Club closes out premier year

by Mauro Mastrapasqua
reporter

The newly founded Fine Arts Club of Montgomery Bell Academy experienced an extremely successful year under the leadership of President Mauro Mastrapasqua, Vice President Simon Westlake, Secretary Pieter Foster, Treasurer Eric Falk, and Sergeant-at-Arms Chris Horstman.

The club was founded this year by Mauro Mastrapasqua with the avid support of Dr. Paschall in order to recognize those students who participate in fine arts activities outside of MBA but do not get recognition at MBA. An additional club goal is to expose the entire MBA community to the unknown dimension of the fine arts (i.e. visual art, music, drama).

At the beginning of the year, the club was well received by 45 applicants which finally resulted in a membership of 35. The first major event that the club sponsored was a talent show: "Bachelors

Of Art." This exciting show featured 15 acts including a mime act by Matt Foster, a piano act by Mauro Mastrapasqua, a guitar duet by Dan Brooks and Lee Page, and a wonderful display of Rob Lentz's comic talent in "Count Floyd's Scary Stories." This event managed to display the talent of numerous MBA students and also to raise \$100 for Nashville's homeless.

Next the club bought 20 tickets to *Les Misérables* (put on by TPAC's Broadway Series) which were sold to the student body at a discount. In order to further the horizons of the MBA community, the club sponsored a performance by Enid Katahn, a world renowned pianist who is on the faculty at Vanderbilt University's Blair School of Music. Also, to open the eyes of the MBA community to all the fine arts activities in Nashville, "Fine Arts Happenings" is posted on the bulletin board in the Trophy Room showing the weekly events having to

do with art, music, and drama.

The Fine Arts Club has also been successful in raising money to fund future endeavors. Between *The Grateful Bake I*, *The Grateful Bake II*, *Selling concessions at the Mama's Boys' performance of Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, and the infamous, eyebrow-raising car bashing (where Simon made his final appearance in the "Green Leisure Suit"), the club raised over \$500.

The club closed the year by helping Mr. Poston publicize and produce four student-directed one-acts put on by MBA and St. Cecilia students. The club and administration are extremely pleased with the fine support and effort that everyone put into the 1989-1990 Fine Arts Club. We are sure that this support will continue under the leadership of next year's officers (James Nash, Cary Brothers, John Dunkerley, Earl Simmons, C.B. Harwell, and Matt Foster) only to allow the club to grow in the future.



by Andrew Duthie

Thrill-seekers marvel to the demolition of a Rabbit during a Fine Arts Club fund-raiser.

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NEWS

Mock Trial Team Places Second in State Championship

by Babu Parachuri
staff reporter

The 1990 MBA Mock Trial Team proved to be the best team in school history this year as it claimed second place in the city championship and state championship.

Initially, the team worked several days during the weeks before the city championship in hope of defending its city championship from the previous year. This year, the case concerned a woman who had shot and killed her husband. The issue of the case was what punishment the woman should receive.

The defense asserted that this woman had acted in self-defense against a malicious husband who had threatened her with death on the night in question and frequently abused her. Another argument of the defense was that the woman suffered from Battered Woman's Syn-

drome, a syndrome which leads a woman to see her circumstances in a distorted manner and to act in an irrational manner because of her continuous abuse from her husband.

While the defense asked for self-defense, the prosecution claimed that Mrs. Monroe, the abused woman, had killed her husband in a premeditated manner and was guilty of first degree murder.

After the members of the team studied the case, the teams were divided into a red and white team. The red team consisted of plaintiff attorneys Rénard "You're guilty! Aren't you?!" François and James Nash, as well as witnesses, Devraj Basu, Lindsey Cooper, Garret Kyle, and John "Robo" Koon.

On the defense side, the attorneys were David "Perry" Mason and Babu "That's B-A-B-U-, Your Honor" Parachuri, and the witnesses were

David Lott, Luke "What do you mean by sure?" Davis, and Carter McNabb.

The white team consisted of plaintiff attorneys Steve Anderson and John Butler and plaintiff witnesses Alan Hassler, Sarat Ramayya, and C.B. Harwell. The defense team consisted of attorneys David "Cross Examination" Trainer and Rob Lentz and witnesses Jim "false cleavage" Morehead, Bryan Bleecker, and George Adams.

The teams then charged into the city championship with high hopes of capturing the city crown. The white team encountered such powers as Father Ryan, Harpeth Hall, and Glencliff and dashed the hopes of many teams in the end.

Meanwhile, the red team placed second in the city with a 5-1 record as the plaintiff side disposed of McGavock

and Martin Luther King and the defense team defeated a strong Overton team and Pearl Cohn. The team later learned it was robbed of the city championship by a false point tally.

After a spring break, the team regrouped and in a mere two weeks prepared for the state finals. Some adjustments were made for states as Jim Morehead and David Trainer stepped forward from the white team to the role of witnesses on the red team.

The team compiled a 4-0 record in preliminary rounds as the plaintiff team led by Rénard François and James Nash defeated and embarrassed Bristol High School out of the courtroom as objections flew through the room from attorneys David Mason and Babu Parachuri. The witnesses Jim Morehead, David Trainer, David Lott, Devraj Basu, Garret Kyle,

and Luke Davis did extremely well in their rounds, but the final test was the championship round between MBA and Father Ryan.

The round was a perfect one as both teams articulated their points well in their statements and questioning, and Big Red hopes ran high as François and Nash cornered Ryan's witnesses on cross-examination. Unfortunately, justice was not served as MBA placed second in the state. Happily, though, Babu Parachuri received the 2nd place attorney award.

With 10 returning seniors and juniors next year, the team should do well again in the future. Finally, thanks must be given to Margaret Berry and John Anderson, attorneys who invested numerous hours of their time to work with the team and teach the team about law.

The Bell Ringer
would like to thank
the Class of 1991
and Dr. Crowell for
producing the 1990
Junior-Senior Prom.

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An Evening of One-Acts

by Eric Falk
reporter

On the weekend of May 19 and 20, the MBA Players presented *An Evening of One-Acts*. Entirely and masterfully student directed, the production benefited from the support of Mr. Poston.

A one act is generally a short dramatical piece usually one to three scenes long that was recently hailed in the *Sunday Tennessean* as "the new and upcoming magic of the theatre", and the parent of full drama. One acts are sometimes favored because they take less time to produce, yet retain all the advantages of a longer play. A statement that may take two to three acts to express can be put forth with greater intensity and shorter time with the possibilities of the one act.

Born from the mind of the Fine Arts Club, three comedies and one drama were scheduled to be produced. The sophomore duo of Asher Dudley and Matt Foster di-

rected and starred in the inspiring and realistic one act version of Act III, scene 2 of *Of Mice and Men*. Asher Dudley also directed *Here We Are*, a comedy by Dorothy Parker starring Matt Foster and St. Cecilia's Stacie DeGrella, told the nervous tale of newlyweds traveling by train to their New York honeymoon.

The seniors also had their share of perfection with *Louder, I Can't Hear You* and *The Still Alarm*. In *Louder, I Can't Hear You*, a comedy by Bill Gleason directed by Mauro Mastrapasqua, a modern day family experiences the hilarious misunderstandings spawned by a lack of communication. St. Cecilia junior Mary Frances Dulworth starred as Marge Brown, Mauro played the husband Oscar, St. Cecilia junior Diane Lennon played the double role of the daughter Ann and the nurse, Steven Anderson portrayed the unloved Dr. Phillips, and Eric

Falk was Junior.

Pieter Foster directed George S. Kaufman's comedy, *The Still Alarm*, in which two men played by David Neff and Chris Horstman calmly accept the fact that the hotel in which they stand is burning down. Christopher Tapia and Johnny Lamb portrayed a pair of firemen, Dan James was the bellboy, and Richard Pulley received laughs for his cameo role of a drunken man.

The long rehearsed and well-prepared production drew a considerable crowd Saturday night, though, the weather hampered the crowd Sunday Afternoon. Many thanks to the technical crew of Debbie Reddin, Sarah Glenn Stafford, Simon Westlake, and James Nash for coming through with their hard work even when not asked. The show was a real learning experience for everyone, and I personally want to thank everyone involved and those who came out to see it!

SENIOR LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

I, **Steve Anderson**, being dead now, do hereby bequeath all my worldly possessions to the following: to Matt Foster, all my golf clubs and a cellular telephone since they don't have telephones on golf courses; to Diane, a blindfold, a limo, some polyunsaturated bacon, a fortune cookie, a longer goodbye, and my heart; to Simon Westlake, some Alberto mouse, a trim at Supercuts, and the metro landfill; to Eric Falk, a telescope, a star-watch, and Caesar's brain; to Pieter Foster, a Parisian chandelier and a lifetime membership to the NRA; to Mauro, a hot-tub full of women; to Christopher Tapia, a gas-mask; to Hal Jones, a tranquilizer and a straight-jacket; to Kevin Kimery, an official 1992 We Want Bush! campaign sticker; to Charles Israel, my combat boots; to John Lamb, an official Gideons' Bible; to David Neff, my football jersey, to Ms. Stevens, some doughnuts, bagels, Moon Pies, jelly rolls, Twinkies, Little Debbie snack cakes, and a Diet Coke; to Devraj Basu, a copy of *Felines, Formaldehyde, and Fun*; to Dick Pulley, *Roadkill's Guide to Embalming Dead Squirrels*; to Hay Gilliland, an F-117 Stealth fighter; to David Lott, some Miracle-Gro; to Will Enkema, a fire-extinguisher; to Andrew Duthie and *The Bell Ringer*, a reasonable deadline; and finally to my parents, I leave thanks and gratitude for all they've done.

I, **Richard Arendale**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath a large piece of pine to the pinnerider himself, Tate McDaniel; a jump shot to Alex Waddey; the ability to air it out on the slopes to Taylor Mayes; a garbage sack and a large piece of ryu for the mule to Robert Echols; a fresh fern and the face of Agamemnon to Todd Faust; my blazing speed to Drew Healy; a good fishing hole to Tom Sullivan; right field rowdy duties to Lance Carney; a pair of water pistols to David Trainer; an unfathomable love for the game of basketball to Hunter Connelly; re-runs of the Pat Hickey comedies to Chris Vlahos; memories of Brooke in Destin to

Jody Cummins; and many more years on the Hill to John Arendale.

I, **Brandon Barrett**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following things to the following people: to Robert K. Pruitt, my copy of *It Was All a Joke: the Autobiography of Charles Darwin*; to Greg Jones, a real sense of humor, the rights to "Bomber," and the mantle of responsibility as *Bell Sports Editor*; to Jim Haynes, a comb; to Simon Westlake, a bigger comb; to Eric Falk, a band-aid for his finger; to Hal Jones, some morals; to Kevin Kruse, free admission to any Protestant church functions, the ability to take a hint, and for him and the girl of his choice, "the stars at night;" to Scott Burrow, a real college and an "Arms Are for Hugging" bumpersticker; to David Haslam, knowledge of what the "K" stands for in Danny Kaye and my ability to argue with any teacher and never win; to Brent Sharp, a ride home; to Julia Sutherland, tinted windows; and to Katherine Bomboy, whatever's left.

I, **John Bass**, do hereby leave: to Mrs. Hollins, a few driving lessons with a 10% discount; to Mr. Spiegel, an MBA handbook; to Coach Killian a full line of used cast, braces, and splints with a full line of credit at Baptist Hospital for X-rays, etc.; to Frank Bass, the nickname "Francis;" to Barry Downer, a supply of lard and fat as if he doesn't have enough already; to the Dickster, a caterpillar, the nickname "Dickster," some Tang, and my "wrong-way" debate abilities; the Chris Johnston and David Mason, the *John Bass Book of Chair Dancing*; to De Thompson, a pair of walking shoes; to Robert Echols, the algae diving/mud rolling tradition and a good mule call; to Patrick Harkleroad, "Paaaaaaaat, Kick it a country mile!;" to Alex Waddey, the WMBA tradition; to Jeffrey Godel, the flower and the monkey; to Rob Lentz, the badger, *John Bass Book of Noises*, a duel to the death, and an Ogle-V home perm set; to Lee Page, a written

journal accounting for all sightings of the ant and an Ogle-V home perm; to Nate Sewell, one of those things he loves; to Matt Inman, a check for the use of his earlobes; to Billy Lyell, a full supply of patriotism; to Roy, a pair of shoes for his relative; to Kevin King, a clown; to Billy the Fool, four years of fun to come at UNC; to Sharpé, revenge; to Latin Thomas, fear for w/ is to come at Boulder; to Bradford, a new nose that will be able to touch his ear; to George Clements, a party at M.S., a house (just call her and find out), and a quarter just to stop talking; to Alden Smith, remembrances of Alceste; to Martin Robert, a successful mission across the border; to Catfish, a cup of Joe, smoke and some dog hair; and to Drew Healy, an autographed book on how to mess up you knee.

I, **Devraj Basu**, being of sound mind and body on the eve of my departure from Montgomery Bell Academy (and being pretty damn glad of it), do hereby bequeath the following items as enumerated below: to Charles Israel, a set of pigeon holes and a truck load of beepers; to David Shenk, the strength to overcome the urge to knock over my books; to Sarat Ramayya, a gag; to Babu Paruchuri, the obligation to win Mock Trial state; to Wally Jones, skin pigment; to James Nash, the George Monroe legacy of wife battery; to Steve Anderson, my copy of *The Communist Manifesto*; to Scott Burrow and Brandon Barrett, the horse that I couldn't sell; to Andrew Coulam, the knowledge that hunger is the best pickle; to Eric Falk, my forever corrupting influence; to Matt Fisher, my clearly superior chemistry notes; to James Wood, the pile of crud in the corner of the manager's room; to David Haslam, the other horse that I couldn't sell and the Hawley-Smoot Tariff; to Dan James, a Camel; to Kirk Kaludis, all my medals; to Shraavan Kambam, a nuclear arsenal; to Kevin Kimery, a sausage circumscribed about a unit circle; to John Koon, the knowledge that my birthday is on March 27 (and ONLY on March 27); to

Kevin Kruse, enchilada pie; to David Lott, my respect, and my love of the military; to Carter McNabb, an electric lint brush; to David Neff, a good lawyer; to Eugene Park, a ceramic face plaque and, of course, the old standby, underwear!; to Richard Pulley, a condiment; to Chris Wayburn, a foot amputation; to Simon Westlake, my prayers; and to Pieter Foster, the "Bart Simpson" philosophy of education.

I, **Winston Caldwell**, leave these: to Alex Dean, a ride home; to Chip Crossman, golf cart driving lessons; to Chris Trabue, a chicken sandwich and a sea biscuit; to Sean Murphy, pain, because he can take it, a clean pair of diapers, and a quick getaway; to Ben Curtis, a smack on the head; to Shooter Stein, companionship and white tennis shoes; to Gregory Stewart, a free Rat-boy video tape; to Eric Ericson, a license to change his first name to Bob; to Patrick Hayes, a tranquilizer, a bottle of paprika, and a tune up for the BMW; to Lance Carney, a Vulcan death grip and some Teddy Grahams; to Keith Ikard, a new watch; to George Adams, basketball lessons, a Ffft, and a haircut; to David Moroney, a one-way ticket to New Orleans; and to Barry Downer, some S&H food stamps, some sit-ups, and a neon light that works.

I, **George Clements**, being of... well... I just mean well..., do hereby bequeath the following: to Richard Cummins I leave about 5,000 traffic tickets (going up the wrong side of Belle Meade Blvd.), a manly laugh, a dent in his car, and a few tips on the finer arts of dove hunting; to Taylor Mayes I leave a younger woman, a gentle stroke of the Adam's apple, my amazing 3-point shot, and best wishes for FCA next year; to David Haslam I leave some "Distinguishing characteristics..." to John Dunkerly I leave my good singing voice, a family pack of marshmallows, and one really loud "AAAAHHHH!" to Chris Vlahos I leave half of John's marshmallows, a few claps and a "Weehooo!" one last "Teach me!" and the song "Dust in the Wind" to sing on

the long bus rides home from football games; to David Mason I leave a plethora of untouched running backs with full heads of steam; to Drew Healy I leave my good knee (should he need a spare) and a new vehicle (perhaps a LeCar); to Eric Ericson I leave a speech actually prepared on time and deep admiration of Fleetwood Mac; to Brett Seshul I leave my Blazer; to Grant I leave, ahh, those good memories, nay, those great memories of our uncanny talent for debate; to Logan Fortner I leave my wonderfully uneventful year with the Honor Council; to Barry Downer I leave every spider along the French Broad River, a lifetime supply of tuna-fish sandwiches, and a Guns-n-Roses tape to bob his head to (peacefully); to Lance Carney I leave a whole lot of ice cream; to Jeffrey Buntin I leave a watch and my amazing abilities as a French scholar; to Robert Echols I leave my meanness should he, God forbid, ever be confronted to fight; to Coach Regen and Coach Downey I leave my acrobatic back plant as living evidence of the true power hidden within a T.O. hammer; to Hunter Connelly I leave my wrestling shoes should he ever decide to go out for the team; to Richard... wups... I mean, John Arendale (they're both too identical) I leave 1,000,000 laborious errands; and, finally, to the Hill I leave six years of service and my most sincere thanks. Free at last, free at last, thank God almighty, I'm free at last!

I, **Andrew Coulam**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath: a locksmith tool kit to Martin Roberts; 100 shares of Alka-Seltzer to Winston Caldwell; a picture in the annual to John Ford; an Auburn graduate school I.D. card to Kevin King; a key to the annual room to Dr. Batten (yes, now it's your room); my sympathy to Kevin Kruse; a weekend leave to Scott Burrow; some snakes to Scott Yates; my best wishes for Notre Dame to Rob Murphy; to reins to the year-book (and those "saintly" sophomores) to Charles Israel; a ton of Jell-O mix to Jim Haynes; a true appreciation of

SENIOR LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

Otto van Bismark to Tab Burkhalter; my non-existent business acumen to Jay Ferguson (good luck at UT); and the luck of the Llama to all who wish it.

I, Billy, Crawford, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath the following: to Dan Brooks and Drew Heitzler, my ability to make the girls cry; to my brother Eric, a little common sense, protection, and my skill in off-road driving; to David Mason, the ability to get whipped; to Robert Echols, Mule Day 1991, my Too Short tape, and my sense of direction; to Patrick Hale, a big chest, killer instinct, and happiness; to Chriss Johnston, two more years as the Rookie; to Drew Healy, a new CJ-5; to Barry Downer, my brain power and my driving skills; to Tate McDaniel, deferred payment on the bet and a dry shirt; to Hunter Connally, a little muscle and a slower car; to Richard Cummings, a new wagon; and finally to my friend De Thompson, my bike and a nice pair of running shoes, my many ladies, my precise throwing arm, and finally my tital and the symbol of my existence: "The Fool."

I, Clayton Dike, being of sound mind and healthy, do hereby bequeath: the Green Hornet to my brother, rusty tires and all; to Taylor Mayes many happy fishing trips on J. Percy Priest Lake; to Robert Echols I leave the ability to flip a car (you can do it - just hold your mouth right); to Matt Poe I leave my mother's heavy bag; to Tate McDaniel I leave red curtained floor tiling; to Mrs. Palmore I return the first demerits given to me at this school (1985); to Richard Fitzgerald I leave many warm, calm, days on the lake; and to Michael Brooks I leave hard metal chairs from Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

I, Andrew Duthie, being tired, weary, and tired, do hereby bequeath the following: to Casey Jones, the legacy of the *The Bell Ringer* and all its associated pains and late nights, along with luck and bravery in the face of a stultifying society; to Rob Lance, any ability I have to

gripe, whine, and swindle, so that he may use it to bolster his own incredible ability to gripe, whine, and swindle; to Babu Paruchuri, the fact that no one likes a long debate article and that debate articles should really go in the sports section; to Shade Murray, my punctuality, so that he'll never get Casey pissed off next year; to Mr. Smith, the fact that our window is broken and needs to be fixed again; to Mr. Pruitt, a pair of the shears they use to collect wool and a bag of new and exciting expressions; to Dick Pulley, several rolls of toilet paper; to Justin Crosslin, a good idea to write about in the paper so he can be a staff member; to the English department, the knowledge that the only English I'll take in college will be a semester of mechanics, from which I'll probably be exempt anyway; to Mrs. Palmore and Mr. Lanier, my thanks for making one period of school a day enjoyable and refreshing for three of my years; to Dr. Drake, the knowledge that I'll always think of him as "Mister" and my appreciation of his mild conservatism; to Dr. Paschall, my thanks for not crushing creativity, be it in the form of an entertainment article or a smashed Volkswagen; and to the Hill, some more air conditioners, a boiler that makes you warm without sauteing you, some mole traps, and a new phone for the trophy room that actually lets you hear who you're talking to.

I, Will Enkema, leave these: to Dudley Hamond, a photograph of Mr. Mikell (with a K); to Mr. Mikell, a huge set of scholarly journals; to Carten McNabb, a bathroom full of mirrors and the Truth; to Bill Crawford, a set of morals; to Mr. Pruitt, advice to shave off the tuft of hair below his lip; to Craig Davis, the Chuck Webb Cribb Test; to Rob, Lee, Kevin, & David, full rights to "I Can't Believe It's Just Smokes and Coffee"; to Stahlman, better luck in his next life; to William Hastings, my heart; to Niemeyer, copies of *Nightmare on Elm Streets II, III, IV, & V* (He should be sick for weeks.) and the extended remix of "Jesus Was Way Cool"; to Scott Burrow, a satin

portraiture of "The King"; to Clayton Dike, a quarter to buy a clue; to Martin Keith, an airplane ticket to Hollywood for his big acting job; to Martin Roberts, Everything...., "FOR FREE!"; to Hal Jones, Boobage; to Steve Anderson, I just don't know.... prayers maybe; and to John Bass, Dirty One Eye.

I, Jay Ferguson, being of sound mind and large body, do bequeath the following: to R.A. Dickey, I would like to leave my swiftness of feet on the base paths; to Patrick Hale, I would like to leave my shot gun from the outfield; to Chris Vlahos, the sole manly ship of the outfield; to Hunter Connelly, the ability to catch the ball with the glove instead of the face; to Bryan Bleeker, the quiet Joe Underwood to yell at instead of me; to Michael Brooks, left field since he played everywhere else this year; to Glenn Harris, the power of a big man in the hitting position of a little man; to David Daniels, a few more strike outs at bat. Come on Dave, you made look bad with so few strike outs; to Brent Miller, an arm that actually throws where it is aimed; to Ryan Tyrrell and Hunter Connelly, a bottle of Spray and Wash in hopes that they might wash his pants every now and then; and to Coaches Forehand, Downey, and the MBA baseball fanes: the legend of Moon Pie and the Foz.

I, Eric Falk, being of friendly mind and acting body, do hereby leave the following possessions to the individuals mentioned forthwith: to Matt Foster and Asher Dudley my impressions, my guide on *Trouble-Free Car Maintenance While Dating*, and continued success in acting; to Missy my McDonald's toys, a blue blindfold, my ties, my short stories, 2 tickets to "American Gladiators," the dedication that never got through, thanks for being there, and all my heart!!!!!!- wait, I missed a few words back there Mr. Hackl...; to Scott Yates a book on *Cougars, Critters, and Wild Things in Franklin*, a plate of "taters and a mess of greens; to Mauro the right for me to be the Best Man, hope for success and my extreme

thanks, you're a pal; to Mary Frances and Diane my thanks for their patience and their support!; to Simon Westlake some 1% conversations, a "you're welcome" for not mentioning the hair, and a bumper sticker that says "Jesus Saves"; to Steve Anderson a jacuzzi, tickets to all the horror movies he wants, a Soviet flag, and success in the Academy; to Richard Pulley some tickets to Milli Vanilli and New Kids on the Block; to Casey Jones my unused Classics scholarship and my white tux; to Mrs. Stevens some Krispy Kremes, a twinkie, and a jelly roll; to Dr. Gaffney my book on *Prose Written in Simple Sentences*; to Devraj Basu my positive influence and a Garfield doll; to Eric Ericson deer repellent and admiration for a great name; to Mr. Tate a syringe; to MBA and my family endless thanks!!!!; to God and my youth group my life and my soul.

I, Matt Fisher, being out of my mind and not liking no body hereby bequeath the following inanimate objects to the following inane persons: to Michael Brooks, the Service Club responsibilities (you'll love it, not); to Dr. Crowell, thanks for not slapping me with any D's, thanks for the recommendations; to the Service Club officers and 1990-1991 members, the obligation of doing every dirty job that comes along; to D. Trainer, a man's got to know his limitations; to Lumny, the popsicle sled I got for Easter morn; to Mr. Caldwell, no blood for you; to Tate and Bleeker, contain the outside but still close the gap; to Kaludis, copies of my Calculus homework for the last four weeks; to all the Varsity basketball players, the guts to yell back at Coach Thoni; to Yates, a passing history quiz average or a copy of my highlighted book; to J. Rochford, a copy of the front cover of my history outline; to Ferg, a season pass for Opryland and Dèva Vu; to Martin Roberts and Winston Caldwell, a rabbit's foot; to Devraj Basu, a conveyor belt to pace on; to Mr. Mikell, my outlines (for a fee); to all Cum Laude Inductees, "Lawn Mower Lettuce" soufflé; to all those Service

Club members who skipped all the meetings, nothing, not a dime, not a — thing; to MBA's Morehead committee, to Meghan, and to my parents, I won't let you down!

I, John Ford, leave these: to the Lacrosse team, Mark Olynick; to Rob Howell, the insect kingdom for his dining pleasure; to Eric Ericson, a turtleneck; to Chip Crossman, a fistful of women; to the Ratboy, some cheese; to Andy Russ, a sense of humor; to Matt Barrett, a tube of Shoe Goo; to Tab Burkhalter, a copy of the Tab-Sandy file for the benefit of his computer education and his personal enjoyment; to Eric Greenwood, an endless supply of Pop Tarts in order to build a stronger, healthier body; to Martin Keith, a picture of my girlfriend; to Carter McNabb, the ability to solve the riddle of the Hair; to Pat Harkleroad, a happy meal autographed by Ronald McDonald, an instructive diagram of the human body, and a lesson in how some things are better left unsaid; to Sharpe Belote, a place to hide; to Charlie Thombs, a box of Boo Berry Cereal; to Martin Roberts, a free pass exempting him from one day of school and the most easily duped sales clerk in all the world; to Winston Caldwell, a guide for the creative use of Alka Seltzer in every room of the house; to Lance Carney, exclusive rule over Shooter Stein, a clean place to sleep, and a bottle of Sun-In; to David Lott, an improved, stronger brand of soccer shorts that won't rip at the clutches of Warren Connally; to John Ward, a set of Doogie Howser pajamas, a Doogie Howser bed comforter, and the matching drapes; to Warren Connally, a credible excuse for missing a soccer match; to C.B. Harwell, his own bed to sleep in; to Mark Olynick, a commendation for having the ability to get on Coach Lanier's good side; to Rob Murphy, the EconoLux (as in luxury), Second Prize ina Donnie Osmond look alike contest, a \$247 rag, free admission to a concert, and a plethora of stolen beverages; to Chris Petrie, the Hyundai; to Mr. Poston, some food for assembly; to Dr. Niemeyer,

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another year of Billy Lyell; to Coach Lanier, memories of my soccer dribbling skill, or lack thereof; to Barry Downer, a stupid look and the truth; to Winston Chapman, an intimidating and menacing face; to Sean Murphy, Junior Lopez's address, a hardened cranium, and the Brentwood Academy basketball team; and to Justin Maestas, good luck in next year's season.

I, **Pieter Foster**, having been declared of thoroughly fatigued mind and basically average body, do hereby declare that I'm ready to get out of here. I also declare that I intend to leave the following things to the following people: to Arthur Reid, a hundred feet to TMAX 400 and endless hours of in the darkroom; to alsnundell, and Howard Rietz, I leave a wet-suit fro coping with forty degree water in January; to Andrew Pearson, I leave exclusive rights to tapping Winn incessantly on the shoulder; to Winn Kiethly, I leave my address in New York and the name of a good reliable hit man named Vinnie; to David Wycoff, I leave a "Mr. Universe Chest Expander" and a lifetime supply of plain and peanut M & M's; To David Neff, I leave the fabled tape of "It's David Neff" recorded over and over and over; to Myr Wilson, Brian Camp, Howard Kong, Sandy Olinichzek, and Taylor Harris, I leave a ride to Westminster; to Johnny Lamb, I leave a video camera, and a bood "How to Dance like Michael Jackson or at Least Look Like Him"; to John Roberts, I leave a pair of Air Jordans to improve his volleyball hang time and a real truck; to Brandon Hullette, a sraff position at Brownsea, a pair of fingerless gloves, and a book on "How to Enunciate;" to Christopher Tapia, I leave a pair of gold sequined briefs; to Dick Pulley, I leave membership in the official "Dicks of America Club;" to Steve Anderson, I leave No Nukes, cows and an Ewok; to Bill Sastry, I leave my soul; to Mr. Kemp, I leave a high D that no other baritone can hit; to the MBA library, I leave a book on basic Dutch linguistics; to Dr. Niemeyer, I leave a video of *The Last Temptation of Christ* and my

fervent suggestion to watch more than the first twenty minutes; to Jonathan Spencer, I leave my best wishes for his Freestyle flipturn; to Devraj

Dr. Kneemier, a ticket to see "Nightmare on Elm Street V-XIV" and a pair of skoob Eizhstein; to Alden, the searing memory of "THE

all those still on the Hill, HA-HA-HA-HA-HA.

I, **David Haslam**, being of sound mind and golfer's body do give the following to the following; Brandon Barrett, my notes on Hamlet's ghost, my endorsment for "Slim Fast;" a wet stone, and tinted windows for his car; to Scott Burrow, a plane ticket to asylum in Canada, my "Make foods, not bombs" bumper-sticker and my copy of *A Guide to the Really Warped Mind of Flannery O'Connor*; to Winston Caldwell, the famous physics bb; to George Clements, my goat leggings for the FCA meetings; to Andrew Coulam, a free pass to the next Herff-Jones correction; to Billy Crawford, a picture of a wastepaper basket and my copy of *101 Fun Calculus Games for Kids*; to Andrew Duthie, my Samurai, since he needs a safer car; Will Enkema, all my stock in "I Can't Believe It's Just Smokes and Coffee;" to Eric Falk, my copy of *Really Grotesque Stories to Tell Your Friends*; to Jim Haynes, unsoiled trousers; to Rob Howell, the Army's guide to plastic explosives; to Hal Jones, my copies of *Oh! That's Going to Leave a Mark* and the lyrics to the Banana Boat song; to Chris Petrie, Techno Bowl parties, that barrel thing in my closet, my copy of *The Life and Loves of Vandy Lance*, my permanent collection of PINK FUZZ, my copy of *I'm a Pud, You're a Pud*, and my skunk hunting license; to Kevin Kruse, my *Wildcats* poster, the lyrics to "Brown-Eyed Girl," a *Murmur* tape (on Hillsboro), my appetite, and an "I'd Rather Be Goig to Davidson" sweat-shirt, and all the stars; to Chris Wayburn, a glass eye, two tickets to the Fabulous Froghead; to Scott Yates, the complete series of novels on *Favorite Pasttimes on the Farm*; to Shade Murray, the ability to enthrall an audience in the same way as Prince Herbert and Sir Galahad, and the best of luck for Blue Lagoon II (you'll need it); to Mr. Compton, the knowledge that I understood Calculus all along but just wanted the attention for failing it; to Brent Sharpe, a ride to Green Hills and the best laywer in Bren-

wood; to Cary Brothers, an excuse; to Rob Murphy, two plane tickets for his parents and my services to watch the house and a complete guide to the Russian language; to Sean Murphy, my best wishes as the future pilot of the Magic Bus; to Jay Gilliland, my sandwiches for life; to Rob Walholter, the best of Luck for five more years; to Alden Smith, my athletic skills and the proposal to re-open the History Room; to Stuart Towery, the engine from the Samurai and its sheer power; to Simon Westlake, stronger neck muscles to support his hair for another year without a haircut; to Sarah McDavitt, an even bigger homecoming flower and the knowledge to never take a walk unless you know it's safe; to John Dunkerly, the rights to continue the legacy of Fill Downs and McLatin and the "AAAA!" program; to Greg Jones, the will not to give in to the demands of making the *Bell* into a tacky magazine and the ability to always keep Mr. Moxley on his toes; to Charles Israel, the hope that he will listen to Greg; to Will Gray, the ability to sleep through every Biology class and still be on P.L.; to Katherine Bomboy, the candystripe nightshirt of Prince Herbert; to Julia Sutherland, the instructions for that heinous thing on her car, my copy of "Oklahoma" by Ruprick the Monkey-Boy, a teddy bear, and finally the thrill of being one of the few and not of the many.

I, **Chris Horstman**, being o somewhat sound mind and body, bequeath the following: to Leighton "Test Day" Thomas, the strenght to come to Mrs. Orth's English test; to John Roberts, an endless supply of M&M's and a truck that doesn't parallel park for him; to Ron Salas, a car horn that plays "La Bamba;" to Richard "Dick" Pulley, many good times and parties; to Dan "The Man" James, a pack of cloves; to David "Not on the Carpet" Neff, plenty of good times at UTK; to Andrew "Commander Bonneville" Duthie, a trip to Canada; to David Workman, a place far, far, away from MBA; to Earle Simmons, the Fine Arts Bug

Liberated from the Clutches of Our Evil Twin Sister Publication Across the Hall...(thanks, Mox)



John Dunkerly learns quickly from Mr. Tate's example.

Basu, I leave my Batman comic collection, a real old Don Henley album, and tickets to a Celtics game; to Simon Westlake, I leave a "Ronco Pecker-Wrecker," alist of phrases like "Interesting..." and "Mmm..." and tickets to *Phantom of the Opera*; and finally, I give my room to my dog Ralph and the rest of my worldly possessions, with the exception of my truck, since he is unappreciative of such a fine automobile, to my brother Matt.

I, **Rénard François**, being of large body and Page-like mind, bequeath the following: to Alex Waddey, a year supply of "All Purpose Soul" (Lord knows he needs it!); to Jeffrey Buntin, size, mass, density & volume and the nickname of "Jelly Roll" Buntin; to Richard Cummins, one get out of jail free card and a resounding "SIR"; to

RACE"; to Eric Crawford, a better nickname and common sense; to Rob Lentz, grits and the memory of Nate serenading us; to Rob Lance, all of the rights to my organization-Match makers and Consultation for Lovers (this also includes the rights to Wanna be Lovers, Soon-to-be Lovers, has-been Lovers and Cheating Lovers); to Brett Sanders and Shad Weaver, the lines by the immortal urban poet Carlton Riddenhour; to Bryan Bobo, a pair of suspenders and the long lasting memories of "BOBO"; to Babu, a smile and more responsibility during Mock Trial practice nights; to Bill Sastry, some more brimstone; to Mr. Tate, R.A. Dickey as his eternal pud; to Dr. Drake, a tablet with his immortal lines of wisdom e.g "You don't sweat much for ..."; to my friends, my eternal thanks for their support through the years; to

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"Lives On;" to Jay Gilliland, just knowing "What that hound dog's gonna do!" and a good frog gig now and then; to George Rietz, a car and an apartment; to Luke Davis, a Pee Wee bow tie; to Jim Haynes, an Art Freedom!; to Barry Downer, some common sense; to Kevin Kruse, some straight hair and a car that can't be wrecked; to Simon Westlake, a mohawk hairdo and a life confined in polyester leisure suits and buffalo sanals; to Matt Zibas, the strength to get out of school alive!; to James Woods, a bag of Cheetos, three tacos, and a Big Gulp; to Mr. Mikell, a Soviet woman named Hulga; to Mr. Womack, the '80 Volkswagen Rabbit before anything was done to it; to MBA, many good times, bad times, hard times and easy ones; and to Nashville, my goodbye.

I, Rob Howell, being of unsound mind and sound body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Bird, my dads car, my motorcycle, and a large supply of water balloons with unlimited access to Woodmont Blvd.; to Dan Brooks, *The Cripple's Guide to Rock Climbing in Tennessee*; to Chris Wayburn and the rest of the Mama's Boys Players, some of the plastic shrapnel out of my face; to John Winston, a motorcycle that will beat mine; to Horstman, I'd like to tell him "where it's at;" to C.B. Harwell, my wood supply; to Jane C., a traditional life in Suburbia where she can cook and clean all day; to Jess, my Trooper; to Richard Fitzgerald and Jim Uden, my physical prowess; also to Jim, some fertilizer growth pills; also to Richard, a Japanese truck; to Dudley Hammond, "the reach." Oh my!; to Kevin Kruse, my eye irritating fluorescent belt; to Sandy Olenichuk, the ability to hit the high notes without a wedgie; to David Haslam, a chastity belt; to Rob Murphy, John Rochford, John Koon, Hal Jones, and Dan Cheek, some of my mental depravity; to Mr. Mikell, a piece of the rock; and to the rest, good luck.

I, Matt Inman, being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following: to

Tad Wood, a copy of Public Enemy's *Fear of a Black Planet* album; to Dr. Niemeyer, a copy of *Straight Outta Compton*; to Earle Simmons, a bushel of corn; to Chris Johnston, many long afternoons in after lunch study hall and a new bike; to Robert Echols and Jim Dis-mukes, hopes that MBA develops a dental plan for students; to Martin Jones, memories of "Mike" at the Bocephus concert; to De Thomson, no chance for survival; to the Librarians, a gigantic picture of Martin Roberts and Billy Lyell; and to John Inman, the ability to begin the rough draft of a theme after *Late Night with David Letterman* goes off.

I, John Koon, being of Blue mind and Devilish body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Andy Russ, something curious; to James Nash, a calculator and my crucial knowledge of the Battered Grimace Syndrome; to Scott Hande, some roughing up; to Mr. Womack, a moistened paper towel; to John Dunkerly, a cabin full of mattresses and Green Hornet basketball; to Turbo David Wyckoff, some air; to Keith McCarty, Holly's back door; to Greg Jones, a life-size poster of John Elway; to Philip Westermann, some cabbage cabbage; to Spenser Leek, 10%, a parking ticket, and a new trampoline; to Grant Seshul, some Solfege; to James Huang, a ball of tape the size of Rhode Island constructed entirely from my ankles; to Clay Posey, some new brakes; to Patrick Harkleroad, some size 22 shoes to go with his Ronald McDonald haircut; to Uncle Brian Bobo, a haircut; to Charlie Bryan, nothing, since he still has my Rush tape; to Austin Koon, sole rights to the name Koon-dog; to Mr. Lanier, a skillfully executed Dutch boy; and to George Adams, a midair, a few lawns, my neighbor, the hoe, a milkshake, and a trunk to hide in.

I, Kevin Kruse, being whatever I am, do hereby leave the following stuff to the following people: to Brandon Barrett, a copy of *Orville Redenbacher's Guide to Bowties*; to Scott Burrow,

the knowledge that he is not the only one who has no idea what Dr. Neergaard is talking about; to Rénard François, all of my "Free James Brown" banners; to David Haslam, an O'Doul's at Chaffin's Barn, a golf manual, an empty stomach, one free pass to the Teen Drug Challenge concert (bald people excluded), the exclusive rights to our singing contract, and the Ruprick dance; to Jim Haynes and the Simon Westlake, two free gift certificates to Supercuts™; to Chris Horstman, a copy of *How to Be an Actor, or Just Talk Like One!*; to Rob Howell, plastic shrapnel; to Hal Jones, a body cast and the sais; to Kevin King, an absolute for the \$100 in change he owes me; to Shravan Kambam, the rights to the "OK Kambam" Show; to Rob Murphy, my Muddy Waters Altar and a "Broncos Do It Better" T-shirt; to Sean Murphy, an "I'd Rather Be Able to Open My Mouth" bumper sticker; to Kirk Kaludis, Ladies! Ladies! Ladies!; to Chris Petrie, my notes and a "one-skip" pass to Mikell's class; to Oman Sloan, a Mikell Dictionary and John Ward's lunch; to Chris Wayburn, a glass eye, my Rain Man shoes, "clap-clap, clap-clap-clap," and the rights to the Gibbon, the Llama, and the Porter dances; to Martin Roberts, McPherson's Mustard Removal Kit; to Walter Southwood, the Claw™; to Cary Brothers, my Milli Vanilli Dress-Up Kit; to Bleeker, a smack on the head; to Winston Caldwell, a debauched rendition of "Day-O" with bad bongo accompaniment; to Barbs, my extreme cheer-leading talent; to Mr. Moxley, my knack for disorganization; and to anyone I've ever made fun of and who took it the wrong way, a sincere apology.

I, John Lamb, being of anxious heart, hostile mind, and amazingly open mouth, do hereby bequeath the following: to Wally Jones, a normal human vocabulary; to Mr. Lanier, Wally's copy of your vocabulary; to Mr. Compton, a normal human grading system; to the English department, a copy of my best-seller *Moby Dick Is*

about a Whale and The Scarlet Letter Is a Sci-Fi Romance-Thriller; to Mr. Womack, more spray paint for the orange "sculpture;" to Dr. Batten, my U.S. citizenship; to next year's *Bell Ringer* entertainment editor, taste in music and compassion for George Bush; to Breen Frazier, my melodious share of the Chorus; to Welling LaGrone, a Monty Python (exploding) superball; to Shade Murray, "I'm here;" to Hal Pickel, my slavehood to Jimmy; to Rod MacPherson, a nickname; to Mark DeBusk, demerit hall; to Jonathan Spencer, a little brother; to Dr. Springer, *muchas gracias y calor en la sala durante el invierno*; to new teachers, a welcome wagon; to Mr. Kemp, some men (some stout-hearted men); to Mr. Herring, an exorcism (from Billzebug, of course); to Taylor Harris and George Frazier, my prediction that you'll be the only ones to graduate alive; to Suresh Gunasekaran, Behdad Shahsavari, and Rob Howell, the antonym of *cynicism*; to Flagg Youngblood, your eighth grade yearbook picture (it's just so dainty!); to Brett Seshul, brains first - then mouth; to Taylor Mayes, at least *one* organizational meeting for FCA (you can do it); to Charles Israel and David Schenk, Karel™; to the secretaries, gratitude; to James (a.k.a. "Jabo"), *bon voyage* to the Bahamas; to Robert, Charles, Jeff, and everybody else, thanks for watching my back; and to MBA, Ecclesiastes 12:11-13.

I, Robert Marley Lentz, being of sound mind and pumped-up body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Tad Wood, my poster of the Joker, my life-size cardboard cutout of Batman, and two more years of being a Big Red lineman; to Jeff Goidel, videocassettes of "The Outlaw Josey Wales" and "High Plains Drifter," as well as my genuine ivory-handled Old West cap gun; to Robert Echols, the phrase "Shut your hole!" and a real-live mule; to De Thompson, all of my artistic talents and a nice, long nap; to David Mason, a Led Zeppelin tape for the weight room, the official first name "Perry," and a comb; to Mar-

tin Jones, my Nazi accent and the memory of the first sighting of the original Badger; to Adin Lara, the voice of James Earl Jones as Darth Vader; to Jeffrey Buntin, the French language and another year of Coach Elliot's gridiron wisdom; to Richard Cummins, the opportunity to entertain hundreds, including Coach Thoni, as the Voice of the Big Red; to Whoever Wants It, my silver 1987 Oldsmobile Cutlass Ciera — the fabled Mr. Fusion, the Oldsmobuick, Oldsmofusion, etc.; to Nate Sewell, French homework completed and handed in on time; to Jay Bradford, the distinction of being "worth the whole damn bunch put together;" to William Hastings, a first-class ticket to Miami on Eastern Airlines, a lifetime supply of Sweetarts, and a study hall desk; to Matthew Inman, Trivial Pursuit, Rambo, Dan Fielding, the phrase "Oh my dear Lord!," an old house in the holler (down Kentucky way, say south of Prestonsburg), all the words to "Miner's Prayer," an enormous belt buckle, and "Raising Arizona;" to Alden Smith, my cordovan wingtips (my most sacred possession), the golden memories of Alceste, and my entire library of literary classics which I enjoyed as a child; to John Bass, all of my animals — the Lorax, the Hedgehog, the Heifer, Mr. Beaver, and (of course) The Badger, "Jenga," a masterpiece of Hellenistic sculpture, the voice of Ed Grimley, the Badger, and Grouchy Old Man, a brand new pair of Tiddies, a plane ticket to New England, and a big, sloppy kiss; and to mein freund Lee Page, my entire video library, including *Jaws*, *The Princess Bride*, *Moonstruck*, and *When Harry Met Sally...*, a white sequined tuxedo, a nice hot mug of China Black, "Roger Ramjet," memories of the Badger and Hans und Frantz, an Academy Award, some time to be alone, and a big, sloppy kiss; to the MBA English department, I leave all of my memes and all of those #@?%!! hand-outs obtained over the years; finally, to Montgomery Bell Academy, I bequeath my name — you haven't heard the last of it.

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I, **David Lott**, being of sound mind and body, do hereby make and publish this my last will and testament, herein bequeathing the following the following persons, to be handed over upon my graduation from MBA:

to David Schenck, a late Friday night wreck in the Honda; to George Rietz, my exquisite running form; to Chris Maddux, my best wishes; to Mr. Herring, my life-size, blow-up Ronald Reagan doll; to each member of the car pool (Robby Kobus, Hayes Fowler, and Randy Titwell), one-third of my Christian music collection, lots of commuting to look forward to, and my care; to Geoffrey Leek, a piece of litter; to John Lamb, a jar of peanut butter; to Eugene Park, one more wave to give to whomever he pleases; to Scott Hande and Eric Greenwood, more playing time; to Charlie Bryan, a Mock Trial witness; to Coach Lanier, some Dutch Boys; to Alex Rogers, controversial editorials; to Ben Batey (my "little brother"), five more years; to Greg Parker, the name "Doug"; to Wally Jones, all of my dictionaries; to Richard Pulley and David Neff, all of my adverbs; to Scott Yates and Eric Falk, junior school wrestling matches; to Jarrett Bell, "Andy Griffith" reruns; to Jackson Wray, bandages to fix broken ribs; to Warren Connolly, my restitched soccer shorts (#4), to John Ford, thanks for the new soccer shorts, to Andrew Duthie, one laid out Sports page, and to the MBA community, the old mystique.

I, **Mauro Mastrapasqua**, being of musical mind and romantic body, do hereby bequeath the following to the following: to Kirk Kaludis, a real wardrobe; to Jim Morehead and Alan Hassler, a pitcher of Sangria; to Charlie Bryan, a McDonald's caramel sundae; to Scott Yates, a whole pile of chickens, taters, and greens; to Jay Ferguson, the book: *Do What You Want, Get What You Can*, by Dr. Matthew Fisher; to Matt Fisher, the presidency of a real club; to John Dunkerly, the capacity to shut his mouth for five minutes in seventh period computer class; to Steve Anderson, a hot tub filled with beautiful women;

to Mrs. Christeson, the advisorship of the Fine Arts Club; to Mary Frances Dulworth, all my appreciation for her love and support; and to MBA many thanks for the best four years of my life.

I, **Lee Page**, having lots of things that you probably don't and some that you might but probably can't find or need, do hereby leave: One bullwhip and action hat to Martin Jones; one badger whistle and a blue thing with Things to Rob Lentz; one homing device (the part that sends off the signal) to Carter McNabb, that shifty little... guy; to Billy Crawford, some shame; to Tad Wood, some busy moves (911 is a joke, Yeeaaa... Boy!); some Perrier and a squash racket to Renard le renard; a case of Ogilve Home Perm to John Bass; and a bunch of... things to... various individuals who might... want them... to have...

I, **Eugene Park**, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: My vast knowledge in computers to Pat Jackson; the bag of gummy frogs left in Chicago to the debate team; my awesome hat to Jonathan Reeve's first son which he puts through M.B.A.; my pet dung beetle to the upcoming juniors who will have Mrs. Lowry next year; my luck with women to Rob Howell; a new first name fro Suresh, Breen, and Sachin; a hearty laugh to Martin (Sparky) Fox; a real voice for Bones; a boomerang for Babu, the Deerslayer; a first speaker award to Willie Gray; a Women of the Rostrum cover to Behdad; 50 grams of Cocaine to the Shadow and Scarface; some diet pills to Kevin Hamrich; \$20,000 donation to Mr. Tate...uh...the debate trust fund; my thanks to the Hill.

I, **Chris Petrie**, leave to the following people: Winston Caldwell- publishing rights to *Winston's Guide To Good Lovin'*; a fresh grilled cheese sandwich from The Smoke House, a house in Taggartwood, a steel plate, and a GIMLET; Gregory Stewart- cheese and rat poison; David Haslam- a special guest role on "The Dukes of Hazard," an instructional video tape on how to shoot a

basketball, the large metal barrel-shaped object in his closet, a watermelon for everyday of the summer; "The Cool" Winston Chapman- a giant pointing hand which you always see at football games, a book of self-defense, and a life; John Ford- the last war call of the HYUNDALAI, a day in Florida with "prime tanning rays" and 3 bottles of niggy oil, and a gun to kill off the seven man-eating alligators from a small pond in Florida who seek revenge on their tormentor from the past; Hal Jones- I leave at Gatti's; Daniel Cheek- a bartending licence and a neck brace for the next Hoodoo Gurus concert; Barry Downer- a baby alligator, brakes for his car; and to Lance Carney- Just For Men hair dye, a pierced ear, and 17 t-shirts from Florida.

I, **Martin Roberts**, leave the following: to the Ratboy, a lump of cheese; to the Cool Winston, power and prestige; to Lance Carney, my speed of the puma, strength of the bear and a pair of sunglasses to wear at night; to CB Harwell, a floor to sleep on; to Sean Murphy, reign over the Murphy house; to Shooter Stein, companionship and a brain; to anyone on the D.L., my book, *How to Skip Study Hall*; to Patrick Hays, a bed to hide under; to Brett Sanders, a kennel to keep the Mad Dog and lessons for the Paper Dance and some 151; to Foghorn Leghorn, a handful of corn feed; to Spencer Leek (the Gameboy), the ability to play video games any time of the day; to Keith McCarty, a bathroom floor to sleep on and a night's rest; to Dr. Batten, the copyrights to all of my poems and odes; to Martin Fox, a kiss; to Grandma Lundstrum, a shield against chemical warfare in French class; to Scott Burrow, a Wet Willy; and to Dr. Niemeyer, a copy of the complete works of

Lord Byron.

I, **John Rochford**, being of sound mind, do bequeath the following: to the little bean boy, a little bean; to George Rietz, a 1-year pass on the Mt. Juliet bus system; to the Prettyboy, a new haircut; to John Crosslin, another year of solfege misery; to Brandon Hulette, the responsibility of beating everybody back to school for me; to Howard Rietz, a nontransparent speedo; to Wynn Keathly, a suntan; to Cal Ellen, an autobiography of Terry Bradshaw; to Myr Wilson, a bottle of perfume; to Justin Crosslin, an ultimatum that I am faster; to the Seshul boys, the expressed and official right to park on the other side; to Keith McCarty, a better excuse for missing school; to David Wycoff, a hook; to Sandy Olinechek, a runaway boulder; to Andrew Pueblo, a little balloon and the chocolate you left all over my car; to Tab Burkhalter, 20 dollars; to Keith Ikard, the responsibility of being the only Grubber trivia master at MBA; to all my friends, a table.

I, **Oman Sloan**, being of inspired spirit, assaulted mind, and wracked body, I leave many things to deserving people: To Dr. Paschall: thanks for his sober and sensible advice. To Mr. Regen: Brass monkey weather. To Dr. Springer: "Hasta luego" y más estudiantes como mi; y muchas gracias por tres años. To Mr. Poston: thanks for four great years of tennis

leadership. To Mrs. Paschall: admiration for her incredible faculty of teaching art and for her firm self-assurance and understanding of reality. To Mr. Mikell: assimilate, Massachusetts, forthwith, peltage (gunfire), Po-atomic (Patomic), skirmishes (skirmishes), biasness, annihilated (annihilated), potentiality (potential), produz (produce), gruelest (most grueling), similarities, destable (unstable), economical (economic), attracted (contracted), ravagement (ravages), mortgages (mortgage), stip-pend (stipend), fills (feels), deforestize (decimate a forest), at-tackee (victim), Cru-chef (Khrushchev). To Kirk: More Hillsboro "budg-babes." To Chris W.: the bends from being underwater too long. I swear it! To Leighton: one more kamikaze and Sea Island in 3 hours next time. To C.B.: un ultimo año; lo siento. Also, darker sunglasses to hide the red. To Matt: a better lookin' date; you owe me! To Jay Bradford: about one-thousand and eighty days in the new ski and party capital of the world: Middlebury, Vt.! To Kev: one more howl. A no-hitter at Vandy. To Rob Howell: a good Dice joke when you're a hundred feet up in a good crack. To Richard Douglas: 50 lbs. and 12 inches. To Clayton: a new catch-phrase; "Wuh" is too complicated. To Daniel D.: summers at Centennial with Postoff. To David W.: a new act; the "Elliston" one is



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SENIOR LAST WILLS & TESTAMENTS

growing old. To Jim H.: a new act, also; trying to be different is just conforming to another group. To Brent Cummings: the Olympics. To Arthur: Maddog and the Omen shall rule! To David Fitzgerald: another year of tough tennis. To Justin Maestas: some new dancing shoes, a green card. To the Fellas: more good times. To anyone who cares: I'm taking the rest with me.

I, Alden Hitchcock Smith, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Big Rich Cummins, many-a-lesson in Bill Dance fishing trips; to Tate McDaniel, plenty of jibarish from the "fellas;" to Alex Waddey, memories of pre-basketball practice "easy running with your partner;" to Patrick Harkleroad, I leave De Thompson (a field goal holder who won't be able to live up to his predecessor); to De Thompson, one horribly thrown two route in the end zone (which would have been my only T.D. of the season but that's okay); to John Dunkerly, the expression, "...but I look good;" to Robert Echols, the hope of never buckling; to Patrick Hale and Jay Frazer, many valuable lessons in driving; to David Mason, joint childhood birthday parties; to Mrs. Hollins, the official copyright to the quote, "I cursed your name last night;" to Hunter Connelly, I leave memories of his nights with Paige; to Chris Vlahos, many of his bruises because of my missed load blocks; to Ray Brooks, jokes; to Coach Downey, Coach Regen, and Coach Elliot, I leave *Black Thursday*; to Rob Lentz, memories of a cut finger and the one and only beautiful, young, white (sob) Alceste (not to mention the best darn prom this school ever saw); to

Lee Page, "uuuuhht!..... Kiaaa!" with kitchen spoons; to Billy Crawford, the tears of his ex-girlfriends; to Lindsey "Roy" Cooper, I leave memories of waiting for dawn in the rain at 5:30 a.m. Christmas Eve morning and missing a little critter at point-blank range; to Rénard "the Fox" François, a complete edited volume of *The Fox and the Hound*; to Carter McNabb, tree-skiing from *Naked Lady* all the way down to *Green Cabin*; to the Juniors and underclassmen, Themes! Grades! Worries! Science Fair! College Applications!... (but a Heckuva lot of fun too).

I, Christopher Tapia, being of demented mind and wated body, do hereby bequeath the following: to Dan James, I leave a unicorn, something to drink, some steel canisters, mushrooms, toilet paper, a socket set, the leather jacket worn by Tim Curry in the 1975 movie classic *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, sheet music, a Sprite bottle, and whatever else I can think of; to Rajat Sharma, I leave some white Russians, as many wild and exotic pets as he can hold in his apartment, a Sprite bottle, his familiar quote, "I don't know....I'll ask Dad about that," and the hope that he will be able to continue his archery career; to John Lamb, I leave a ride (or for that matter, a car), a bottle of shampoo, trite and over-worked jokes that still seem to be funny, the ability to tell a joke and make it funny, good luck in life, and whatever it was that he wanted me to remember that I seem to have forgotten; to Simon Westlake, I leave my ability to play characters in costume for *Rocky Horror*, some spare hair, and some sideburns to go with the hair and the green leisure suit; to Scott Yates I leave a mountain lion, some toilet paper, and a good Richard Pulley joke; to Bill Sastry, I leave the ability to be even lazier than he is, some believable excuses, and a book on Satanism; to Kevin Kimery, I leave a year's worth of his-

tory notes; to Shrahan Kambam I leave some loose change; to Ryan Hulbert, I leave a real car; to Chris Horstman, I leave a Rolex watch, a nose flip, ear flick, and whatever other annoying things I can think of, and an attitude; to Eric Falk I leave the memories of Saturday Night Live and his Dana Carvey character impressions; to Andrew Duthie, I leave a wild ride around Nashville in a car from hell and the queasiness incurred from it; to Steve Anderson, I leave a banana, a good dirty joke, math homework, and infinite beats; to David Neff, I leave a visit to the concession stand, a visit to downtown Nashville, rug cleaner, some steel for his boots, and the ability to think of something to do on week-ends; to George Rietz, I leave a book on the art of B.S.ing and the ability to do a decent Dr. Neergaard impression; to Thomas Springer, I leave a rap tape; and to Fletcher Tidwell, I leave a ride to school.

I, Stuart Towery, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath the following: to Bryan Blecher, the ability to express himself in a blunt, straight-to-the-point matter; to Chris Vlahos, the physical coordination to touch all the bases after sending a baseball into orbit (Pearl/Cohn game) and a new left elbow; to David Daniels, a free pass to the DICEMAN's next gig at *Dangerfield's*, the Led Zep library of greatest hits, new biker shorts, and of course continued success in your baseball endeavors, oh, I almost forgot, a red wig; to Michael Brooks, something to take the Edge off; to R.A. "Lap Dog" Dickey, the fond memories of playing burnout, a set of matching shirt and boxer shorts, a real fastball, and the best of luck!; to Coach Regen, a new passenger seat and guard rail for your Jeep, I can of air freshener to combat that smell of fresh Kitty litter, and a "thanks" for making a student's life a little more enjoyable!

I, David Trainer, being of sound mind and body do hereby bequeath to the following: to Mr. Elliot, a private Hell in which hit hit drills are performed for eternity; to Mr. Regen, a joke that's funny; to Mrs. Hollins, a stoic technique style interrupted by hysterical fits of laughter; to Mrs. Simmons and Mrs. Miller, a thank you for all you put up with and a high-tech surveillance system guaranteed to keep the library 100% talk-free; to Dr. Drake, my history notes; to Chris Vlahos, the ability to stay low on defense; to Lance Carney and C.B. Harwell, an intimidating physique and aggressive wrestling style; and to Adin Lara, a great deal of energy and an ant-like lifestyle.

I, Simon Westlake, being of vast mind and a soon to be departing body, hereby bequeath the following: to Nate Sewell, 200 sheets of paper; to Mrs. Palmore, my thanks and appreciation; to Mrs. Lowry, *1001 Ways to Insult an Agnostic* so that she may perfect her already stunning style; to Shrahan Kambam, a pinch of sarcasm; to Andrew Duthie, an air of calm and my promise to turn in my next assignment on time; to Steven Anderson, some common sense, driving lessons, a spine, and a small dose of reality; to Daniel Donelson, a letter bomb; to Eric Falk, a pinch of confidence and my thanks for six years of friendship; to Chris Horstman, some tact and sensitivity; to Christopher Tapia, a tank, eight colored nipples and ten yards of bandages; to Devraj, a vacation and a cat; to Hal Jones, a functioning sense of balance; to Kevin Kruse, some tact; to Mauro Mastrapasqua, my liberal viewpoints; to Richard Pulley, my uncanny ability to forget everything; to Asher Dudley and Matt Foster, everything that I may have learned from my theatrical experiences; to Billy Strasser, my never-ending quest to achieve a peaceful, trouble-free season of I.C. volleyball and my continued

interest in the Orient; to Trevor Hegert, a videotape of MBA's "The Holy Grail;" to Jonathan Elder, my appreciation for the many fine (albeit brief) conversations; to Kirk Kaludis, a "pernis;" to Mr. Womack, my 1980 VW Rabbit in a slightly used condition; to Mr. Lanier, Mr. Novak, Dr. Ward, Dr. Neergaard, Mr. Pruitt, Dr. Drake, Mr. Herring, Mrs. Bowen, and Mrs. Palmore, my apologies for my behavior in class and for any late assignments, and my thanks and appreciation for our many hours of class spent together; to Johnny Lamb, a camera so you may continue the "camera boogie;" to Jim Haynes, styling gel and a couple of 14 carat gold safety pins; to David Haslam, a foreign heritage never to be forgotten and always to be cherished; and to Pieter Foster, a campfire, a soft night, and an open ear.

To Mrs. Orth, **I, David Workman**, leave everything "cut 'n' dry" that exists in my life... and I leave the Academy of Montgomery Bell with a full head of hair, a tattoo, and pierced nipples.

I, Scott Yates, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath the following: to John Koon, a bottle of *Agree* shampoo (escape the greasies with *Agree*, John); to John Butler, the Presidency of H.A.C.K.; to Mr. Mikell, my computer outline of American History; to Sarat Ramayya, a baby pacifier; to David Daniels, courage; to Mr. Pruitt, my leather running shoes and a bottle of aspirin; to Chris Wayburn, *The Wonderful World of Pedophiles*; and to Kevin Kruse, a Stanley Steamer for his hair.

(Please note that not all Seniors desired to have a last will printed for them.)

END

Belle Meade

Drugs

4334 Harding Road



MOON TUXEDO

2109 Abbott Martin Road • Nashville, Tennessee 37215
(GREEN HILLS)

Abernathy Truck Salvage

255-7616

OPINIONS

"Nerd Bowl" article a prime example of "elitist stereotyping" at MBA

To the editor:

I would like to write a brief reply to an article of two issues ago in *The Bell Ringer* written by Kevin Kruse and entitled, "Nerd Bowl '90."

I recognize, first of all, that Kevin is one of the finest wits of the class of '90 and certainly wrote the article tongue in cheek, if not entire foot in mouth.

However, I must take the issue with one or two remarks and with the overall tone of the piece which I feel characterize an underlying, prevalent, and extremely Jamaging attitude common among students at MBA.

Kevin's sarcastic description of the students from "prestigious" schools such as White's Creek and Cheatam [sic... at least he could have spelled the county name correctly] County as "academic giants" and as a "Star Trek convention" is an example of the elitist stereotyping in which many MBA boys indulge. The references to

"nerds," "nerd power," and "Jeopardy contestants" were all very funny, but I think the bottom line is that we came in fourth to those very nerds.

But we "had prepared about three hours" for the event, as Kevin was quick to point out. And he ended his piece with the remark, "Maybe we'll study next year... Nah." Very cute. Very reassuring. If we'd studied, we'd have blown them away.

Easy to say, hard to prove.

The fact is, we at MBA pride ourselves in having one of the finest academic institutions in the area, with the best and brightest of students. But frankly, most of our students start school with many academic advantages: educated parents who care about education and success, environments where correct English is spoken and written as a matter of course, access to cultural experiences available only to the wealthy.

Add to these advantages the kind of school which fos-

ters and rewards academic performance, small classes with highly educated teachers, facilities which offer access to the Vanderbilt library, rotating art exhibitions, classical music performances, etc. The wonder is not that we do so well in academic competitions; the wonder is that we don't do better.

And what difference does it make how our competitors dress, or what they look like? Has it occurred to us that maybe they can't afford a blue blazer and five pairs of khaki pants?

And again, the bottom line is — they beat us.

But we didn't try.

So why don't we try next year? And see if we really are better than those nerds from the Star Trek convention.

But what if they still beat us?

Nah!

Anne Christeson
Coach, Academic
Decathlon team

A Letter from the Editor

by Andrew Duthie
Editor-in-Chief

This has been a great year for *The Bell Ringer*. In newspaper competitions, we did very well. We earned two features First Place awards for Jim Haynes' "Hallucinations" column, a Third Place sports pictures rating, a First Place graphics award for the new masthead, and a Superior rating from the University of Tennessee; we also garnished a First Place national rating for schools in our division. (There was only one other school in our division to earn First Place.)

We have had only a small

share of controversy this year, generated mainly from Haynes' reference to Vanderbilt having guts (only with a different word) and from a cheerleading picture that, when it was halftoned to be printed, made the illusion of a fine young man's hand being somewhere it shouldn't.

Beyond that, the year has been fairly smooth, due in part to the experience of the editors (six of us were editors last year) and to Eveready Printing's wonderful patience and punctuality.

Now, I need to thank Jim Haynes for his great articles and help all-year long, David

Lott for editing so many articles when I hadn't the time or the will, Devraj Basu for his great photographs, and everyone else who ever did anything for this newsrag.

I would like to thank Dr. Paschall for his support of the paper and his kind comments thereof and Dr. Niemeyer for his aid in managing the paper and for his running the Bike Race so well.

I'd also like to congratulate Dr. Drake on his Doctorship, and I thank him for all he's done for me (and everyone else at this school) in the last six years.

Goodbye, and good luck, Casey. I know you can pull this thing off well next year.

Photodegradable Plastic: Don't be fooled!

by Simon Westlake
writer

With the recent surge of environmental interest expressed by consumers, many manufacturers have started to promote so-called "green products" that are environmentally safe to produce, use, and dispose. One area of "green products" that is now common is the photodegradable plastic most often used in plastic bags. Photodegradable garbage bags may be purchased at most stores, and many stores such as Hills and Tower Records will place your purchase in bags labeled as being photodegradable.

When these products are produced a chemical is added that breaks down after sufficient exposure to ultra-violet (UV) light. Thus, as the plastic is exposed, the bag, even if impregnated with the UV sensitive chemical, will break down into increasingly smaller pieces until it is reduced to an inert dust.

Assuming these products will behave as intended, the theory behind their being environmentally safe is still flawed. First, a lengthy UV exposure is required. For various reasons the bag must be able to survive a long enough exposure so it does not break down while in use. A lawn garbage bag would probably receive the longest exposure while in use, yet that exposure would never exceed the interval between garbage pick-ups. But the average bag will never see 7 days of direct sunlight! It will be placed in another bag or a can or else hidden in the shade long before the 7 days expire. Once the bag is thrown away, it will never see the required UV exposure. Any photodegradable plastic entering a municipal solid-waste management system will be incin-

erated or placed in a landfill where it will be buried by soil or more garbage within hours or days. In either case, the length of exposure will never be enough to initiate decomposition. Second, should decomposition actually occur, one is now faced with an inert, useless plastic dust. The plastic hasn't disappeared, it has just been rendered invisible as it is blown away by the wind. Third, photodegradable plastics, when recycled with normal plastics, yield a weakened, unsound material that might prove dangerous and short-lived when used in external construction materials, outdoor furniture, or other products that will receive UV exposures (Greenpeace Action).

Everything said in favor of photodegradable plastics is nullified if they do not work. On Earthday, April 22, 1990, I stapled two plastic bags labeled "photodegradable" to a board and placed it flat on the ground in my backyard. The bags have been left uncovered and fully exposed to the elements. One bag claimed to begin degrading within 15 days. Over 20 days have passed since Earthday, and neither bag has shown any sign of decay, discoloring, or weakening. As of press date (May 22), there has not yet been any change in the condition of the bags.

The simple truth is that photodegradable plastic bags are a more expensive alternative that just does not work. If you are concerned about the environment, here are two simple alternatives to photodegradable bags for your purchases: 1. Ask for recyclable paper bags, or 2. Do what is done in many nations - bring your own shopping bag that can be used over and over hundreds of times.

Negativism a "disturbing" modern trend

by David Lott
Copy Editor

Hi. Having read and edited all the articles and most, if not all, of the last wills in this issue, and having read the last *Archives*, I am disturbed by the presence of negative attitudes I found therein.

While it is undoubtedly true that our world and community are in a sad state, I believe the proper response to their problems is not bitter cynicism and self-isolation. Such responses can only heighten tensions and are, therefore, unproductive in moving

toward solutions to the problems.

In recognizing the shortcomings of our world, one should, I believe, first strive to correct these problems. One must choose his own course to induce such positive changes, but it is necessary to realize that many such courses already exist. Bitter criticism in itself accomplishes no positive change.

Furthermore, let us not get too disheartened at the state of life, for there are some good things, some kind people, some changes taking place.

Although you may not agree with me completely, I believe that some good things taking place are the increasing environmental awareness (albeit somewhat slow), people who sacrifice to work for such community services as the Soup Kitchen, the freedom to criticize the government, the freedom to express your opinions, and the freedom to choose or not to choose a religion.

Let us not ignore the presence of problems, but please let us also try to rid ourselves of these problems in a constructive, positive manner.

FEATURES

The March of the Living: a special visit to Poland and Israel

by Alex Rogers

staff writer

Editors's note: This article was written as an essay, and it includes some of the author's opinions.

On April 19 of this year, I had an opportunity to participate in a program called "The March of the Living" in which I visited Poland and Israel along with four thousand other teenagers from 37 different countries. I went with a group of 132 other Americans who, like me, had been given full scholarships to go by the B'nai Brith Youth Organization (out of a total American delegation of seven to eight hundred).

We spent a total of seven days in Poland and saw, in order of occurrence: Treblinka, an extermination camp, the Warsaw Ghetto, Warsaw itself, the concentration camp Auschwitz, the death camp Birkenau, Crakow, Kasmir, and the concentration camp Majdanek.

I spent eight days in Israel. We saw too many individual things in Israel to document each one, but suffice it to say, it was great being welcomed in Israel after being in

Poland for so long. The Israel part of the trip was uplifting and I learned how the media distorted my perception of what I expected to find. Since the main focus of the trip was Poland, this article will deal with some of the events that transpired there.

The keynote of the trip, on April 22, the "March of the Living" was a three kilometer walk that mirrored the same path that countless millions (yes, I really do mean millions) of prisoners of Auschwitz walked to their deaths at the gas chambers in Birkenau.

All 4000 of us walked this path in complete silence with each holding his head down in contemplation. When we reached Birkenau, we walked to the crematorium where all the delegates congregated. At the crematorium, which the nazis (I don't believe that this word deserves capitalization) destroyed in order to try to hide what they had done, we heard Nobel Laureate Elie Wiesel speak. Mr. Wiesel was a survivor from the camps and spoke about the dangers of always obeying orders with-

out the slightest question. The nazi's killed and killed and killed and killed and killed and killed and hid behind, "I was just following orders." Wiesel spoke of the truest words ever spoken in respect to the Holocaust: NEVER AGAIN.

During the march I experienced feelings that I did not know that I had had. Everywhere I looked on the three kilometer walk I saw blood that flowed years ago. The depth of my feelings were nigh unto indescribable. Given the winding road from Auschwitz to Birkenau it was impossible to see the beginning or the end of the line of 4000 marchers. We felt during the silence of the march a sense of strength, power, and pride as we walked together in unison.

The scenery near the crematorium was in sharp contrast to the purpose of the camp. This was true near Treblinka immediately after landing in Poland. This was not a concentration camp but an extermination camp. The people sent to Treblinka went on trains, got off at a "normal" station, and were asked to

take a shower. The request would seem reasonable because they were dirty from the journey. Once unclothed, the nazis broke the façade and started beating the inmates. Over 800,000 died in Treblinka's gas chambers, not all of them Jews.

Treblinka is a memorial park to the communities that were destroyed during the nazi terror in Europe. Hundreds of tombstones commemorate the lost towns and villages that are no more. I felt a deep depression and desolation after touring Treblinka. The members of the group, primarily 16 to 18 years olds from across America and 37 foreign countries, separated into very small groups and sat alone to experience our feelings and regain our composure.

I will end with a brief description of one of the worst places on earth today, Majdanek. Majdanek, in the Polish city of Lublin, stands today as it did when the Soviets soldiers liberated the camp. The Soviets were determined never to let people forget what the nazis did. Although we had been

warned of the horror of Majdanek, I was still unprepared for what I saw: huge rooms filled with the clothing of inmates, with bloodstains still on them, and enormous rooms filled with the prisoners' shoes. I became physically ill at Majdanek and had to leave.

Indeed, on May 8, a Supreme Court Judge in New York State, Judge John Carey, told three 20 year old vandals who drew swastikas on a public school in Ardsley, New York, that he wishes he could sentence them to visit Majdanek, so they would know the horrific things that the nazis did, and would understand why the swastika is so insulting to Jews, Christians, and others who were victims of nazi oppression. Their sentence was to study about the Holocaust.

Although part of the trip was very difficult, I was honored to have participated in the March of the Living. I will never forget the experience, and I have learned much about myself. I also learned about the brutal nature of man without morality.



Skipworth salutes Alden Smith

Alden Smith, president of the Student Council, has been exemplary of the MBA student ideal since his freshman year. Having been co-captain of the football team, a key member of the track team, and soup kitchen organizer for a year, Alden plans to attend Davidson College, NC next year.

Skipworth EXCEPTIONAL PORTRAITURE

RUSSIAN DISCOVERIES

by Bo Bartholomew
with help from Mr. Mikell

two guys

The following are several discoveries that the people who went to Russia thought very interesting or peculiar:

1. Russian women ask to be kissed (cf. De Thompson).
2. Pictures of nude women on all the dashboards of taxis
3. No shower curtains
4. Non-bathing Russians
5. Absence of modern conveniences - laundry machines, trash cans
6. At least three lines to wait in for any purchase
7. Ladies who know who you are before you meet them at the key desk (keys are attached to floats)
8. Teen-age con-artists (as young as 6-7 years old)
9. Airplanes with fold up chairs and diapers on the seats.
10. Women are in the bathroom to clean it, even when you are doing your duty (when nature calls).
11. Women use their entire kit of make up at one time.
12. Toilet paper made from construction paper
13. Russians walk through puddles not around them.
14. No salt shakers
15. A microphone in every room and above every table
16. Overabundance of watches and belts (military style)
17. Bed sheets have a large donut hole in them. Really. De can explain.
18. Russians lack many useful items of our daily use - like soap, toothpaste, and gum.



ENTERTAINMENT

Sire's Definitive Exhaustive Dictionary

by Walter Jones

scribe extraordinaire

It has come to my attention recently that an important aspect of artistic expression at MBA has been overlooked. An entire new language has developed in MBA's math classes that has gone almost completely uncataloged. This dictionary is the second edition of the compiled language of math that Mr. Lanier has used to enlighten students in his math class (first edition on display in the Math Room). It is hoped that this dictionary will augment the student's grasp and enjoyment of Geometry, Algebra II, and Math IV (H).

aaAah!: an expression of elucida-
tion when a student
has made a significant
discovery pertaining to a
math problem

affirmative!: yes

ahHA!!!: an expression that
basically means, "NOW
we're cookin'!"

ah, Paruchuri [or some other
name] doesn't get it: an
expression indicating
that further explanation
of some concept is neces-
sary

bloody: adjectival expletive
expressing impatience or
disgust at an absurd situ-
ation or a student's blun-
der

bumper! or bumper!: excla-
mation of disappoint-
ment made when an ob-
stacle is found to the so-
lution of a problem

certainly: certainly

chat: to talk about or discuss a
topic in math

compoot: see "compute"

compute: solve a problem for
a numerical answer

computer: calculator

CPCTC [said with an alacrity
that can be equalled only
by Engineer Scotty's
warp drive on *Star Trek*]:
corresponding parts of

congruent triangles are
congruent

curious: an expression used to
describe an intriguing
situation in a math prob-
lem

cut the chattah!: shut up!; an
exclamation of disgust at
extraneous talking in
class

DILCUE!: Euclid back-
wards; hence anything
that is illogical, nonsen-
sical, or just plain dumb
(applied to wayward stu-
dents and to incorrect
mathematical proced-
ures alike)

dollah: dollar (most words
normally ending in "-ar"
or "-er" end in "-ah" in
Lanierian; the plural
form is also usually the
same as the singular)

eighty-eleven: a very large
number

excellent!: an expression of
extreme delight in the
outcome of a situation

figyah: a figure in the text or
on the board used to illu-
minate problems or
mathematical theorems

gas: to screw up; to botch; to
goof royally

gentleman—and others!: ad-
dress used to get the at-
tention of a rowdy class

homeverk: homework

homeverk - soccer match: the
assignment for days
when there is a soccer
game

it don't make no nevermind
about the price of eggs in
China: it doesn't matter

karrekt!: that's right

la-dee-da; la-dee-da or la-
lee-da; la-lee-da: (1) the
act or operation of can-
celing terms in an equa-
tion (sometimes accom-
panied by "cha-cha; cha-
cha") (2) the expression
used to call attention the
process of cancellation

lovely [said with a little pinch
of flowery affection that
is reminiscent of pot-
pourri and Deep Woods
Off]: (1) an expression
indicating the agreeable-
ness of the outcome of a
problem or a part thereof
(2) an expression of mild
pleasant surprise

memory-cells: (1) brain (2)
memory or recall

m-m-m-balderdash!: that's
ridiculous!; absurd!; gar-
bage!

na-NA-na-na: (1) no way! (2)
whoa! you've goofed the
problem (3) wrong
method!

negative: (1) no (2) incorrect;
wrong

neht-neht [somewhat akin to a
strike on Family Feud]:
incorrect

nerve gas oil treatment; corre-
sponding sides of similar
triangles are propor-
tional (CSSTP: CS, a
nerve gas; and STP, an
oil treatment)

nien!: the number nine (9)

nil: zero

no need!: (1) this procedure
is unnecessary! (2) I am
too familiar with Fletcher!

nyeh! or nyeh, idiot!: an ex-
pression of exasperation
at mistakes made while
"kranking" a problem on
the blackboard

nyyyeeen: emphatic form of
"nien"

oah: or

piktcha: picture

poppycock!: preposterous;
m-m-m-balderdash!

punt!: be rid of this problem!
it is not conveniently
doable!

pushups?: the usual sug-
gested remedy for lazy-
ness, disobedience,
sleepiness or some mal-
ady in class



proceeding!: (1) be that as it
may (2) OK, let's move
on

quani-ee [pronounced like
"quantity" without the
t's]: quantity; amount

reload?: will you please re-
peat your seemingly non-
sensual statement? it
does not compute

routine: the usual method for
approaching a com-
monly occurring prob-
lem type

rut: the root of a number

showtime!: go to the board
and show how you did
this problem

sillybird: a name indicating
that one is wayward in
his logic, somewhat
similar to "DILCUE"

SIRE!?: (1) a form of address
used for one petitioning
aid in class after raising
his hand or wishing to
contribute some saga-
cious material (2) a term
used to ask a person to
clarify his remark (3) an
address expressing some
degree of surprise at an
observation of some stu-
dent

six of one, half a dozen of the
other: it don't make no
nevermind about the
price of eggs in China; it
doesn't matter; either
method or solution is fine

something a little exotic [note
British accent]: a mathe-
matical routine of un-
usual rarity and bril-
liance or peculiarity used
in a tough problem

squah or squahed: squared

take a walk: another remedy
used for students suffer-
ing from some malady in
class

troops: a group of students; a
class or team under Mr.
Lanier's supervision

-type: a suffix indicating a
kind or genre of people,
objects, etc., e.g.
"farmer-type"

vun: one

well put: an expression show-
ing praise for some saga-
cious remark on the part
of a student

what does that have to do with
the price of eggs?: what
on earth?; a term ex-
pressing the irrelevancy
of some theorem or prin-
ciple of math that is
rather useless in a given
situation (*cf the Chinese
egg saying*)

ya: yes

yabble: (1) yes (2) of course;
certainly

zee vi covordinaht: the y coor-
dinate of an ordered pair
of numbers

ENTERTAINMENT



by John Butler
and Greg Porter

writers

The first issue at hand is to clear up some discrepancies about the last article. Guns 'n Roses album is not going to be called *First* (it was misconstrued by editors). The actual title of the album is not known at present time.

We have also received information that Rush/Mr. Big is not coming to Nashville.

I would like to point out that a Gos-Pill is not a drug, instead it is a collection of bible verses which are distributed at concerts.

Now, on with the article: For all of you Cinderella fans, they are due to have a new album out this fall, which is supposed to be much like their last, *Long Cold Winter*. For those of you who follow the blues-based guitarist Tom Keifer like I do, you know that after he and Cinderella did a rendition of Janis Joplin's "Move Over" on the *Stairway to Heaven*,

Highway to Hell tribute album, they proceeded to the Moscow Music Peace Festival in Russia. For those of you who can't wait to hear Tom's distinctive voice, you can hear it now on the Joanna Deane album, in a duet version of Nazareth's "Love Hurts." Cinderella starts their tour in January 1991, which should include a stop in Nashville.

Iron Maiden's lead singer, Bruce Dickinson, has just released his solo album, *Tattooed Millionaire*. For those of you who would like to meet him in person, go to Music City Music Store on Nolensville Road and ask for Keith. He will be the one with the long, greasy hair who keeps bothering you about buying something.

When Kiss comes with Whitesnake this summer, it should be a show to remember. The set is based on an Egyptian motif and reportedly has lasers included in the show.

For all who enjoy listening to Poison, they too have a new album coming out that is supposed to be more acoustic than their last.

At long last, Steve Val's solo album, *Passion and Warfare*, will supposedly arrive in stores on May 21. And finally, here is a list of some things you might enjoy:

HeadBanger's Ball on Saturday nights from 11 PM-2 AM on MTV

MetalShop on 103.3 KDF Sunday nights from 11 PM-12 AM

MTV Unplugged on Sunday nights 10-10:30 PM

Rockline on 103.3 KDF on Mondays from 10 til 11 PM

Striking through a room filled with Swedish girls

That's it for this installment of Heavy Metal Corner, and we will see you next year.

P.S. Feel free to talk to either Greg or me about your comments on this column.

Hallucinations "Last Rites"

-Anthony Perkins, *Crimes of Passion*

by Jim Haynes

Entertainment Editor

MBA is not the place it seems: for the student body contradicts the idealism that gives MBA its mystique. We glorify the prejudice of others because of their color, sex, religion, and even personality, failing miserably at being a gentleman. We are content in our conservative apathy that someone else will change the world for us, polluting the minds that could produce brilliance. Finally and unfortunately, the athlete at MBA has been given a greater emphasis than gentleman or scholar, digressing to aristocratic levels of arrogance that swells in the MBA community.

It's a shame, I had to endure such hypocrisy for 6 years. I'm glad I'm leaving. Before I leave, I present my last will and testament to this hollow institution.

For all wasted efforts, I leave a truckload of dung to the

English Department in honor of Sam Pickering who believed that "Literature should be accompanied with an aroma of manure." Anyway, this is what the English Dept. gave me. I leave my Laibach collection to the Hitler Youth of MBA. I leave my Einstürzende Neubauten collection and my Lydia Lunch collection to Andrew Duthie who actually understands the brilliance of Mr. Unruh. Bless, Marc, Alex, Mutli, and Lydia. I leave the Entertainment section to Eric Greenwood in hopes that he keeps his work good. I leave Clare Mills all my Cure posters.

I leave everything else and everything John Henry Rice should have left me last year to Will Rice, Welling, LaGrone, George Adams, and Bryan Bobo so that they may be able to bring a little love to this place.

as always to the green guy...

When routine lacks heart
and ambitions grow old
And resentment lies quiet
while devotion won't grow,
We're changing our way
taking different doors.

Ian Curtis

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GO BIG RED!

ENTERTAINMENT

Dwight Yoakam: Hillbilly Poet

by Rob Lentz

staff writer

I know there are those of you out there who consider country music to be—shall we say—low-brow; or, rather, ignorant, bare-foot-whiskey-swilling, raised-in-a-barn, Hee-Haw, redneck, hillbilly music. But here I am, friends, to liberate country music from that unpleasant stigma, thrust upon it by narrow, high-falootin' minds. Country music often is rowdy and appealing to the red of neck (of which there is a little in all of us, y'all); on the other hand it is just as often intelligent, sensitive, moving work of lasting social import, crafted by incredibly talented individuals whose old-fashioned genius will far outlive the vacuous, baggy-trousered, techno-pop of today's contemporary performers and screaming meatheads (I avoid the term musicians).

Enter Dwight Yoakam, musician and songwriter. Dwight burst onto the country-western scene in 1984 with his first album, *Guitars, Cadillacs, etc.*, etc., which introduced to the world of music his extraordinarily unique talent. Along with only a few other performers, including celebrated newcomer Clint Black, Dwight actually writes his own songs and music, making him a rarity in the fiercely competitive market of country music. Dwight's lyrics involve themes of lost-love and heavy drinking, and the glorification of the simple working man... specifically, the coal miner.

Dwight's backgrounds and music are deeply rooted in the proud but poverty-stricken mining communities of the holler in the coal-rich hills of Floyd County, Kentucky. Floyd County is one of the poorest rural areas in the state of Kentucky, where Yoakam was born and raised, and where he learned the honest values of the proud, hard-

working mountain men of whom he would later sing. Dwight's talent and potential led him out of Kentucky, first to Nashville (where he was rejected) and then out to California, where he established his own company, Coal Dust West Music, and where he launched a promising career with his first album.

Guitars, Cadillacs, etc., etc. is an effective blend of that blue-collar hillbilly sound, lonesome country-western ballad, high-spirited honky-tonk, and outright rock-and-roll. Such songs as "Honky Tonk Man," "I'll Be Gone," the revival of Johnny Cash's hit "Ring of Fire," and the title track produce a unique, fast-paced honky-tonk and rockabilly sound that highlights the raucous electric guitar of Pete Anderson (also Dwight's producer) and the distinctive voice of Yoakam himself, with its strong, clear, half-yodeling, half-breaking tension. On "South of Cincinnati," however, Dwight delivers a slow, sweet, distinctively western ballad that demonstrates his wide range of vocal quality. "Bury Me" is a great sentimental duet with female artist Marie McKee that reflects his pride in Kentucky's "blue-gray mountains" and "hills of coal."

One of the most striking and moving songs on the album is "Miner's Prayer," a sad, plaintive tribute to Yoakam's grandfather, Luther Tibbs. Yoakam wails his weary way through this story of a poor, proud coal miner, who takes his weary way through this story of a poor, proud coal miner, who takes up the lamenting cry, "When oh when will it be over/ When will I let these burdens down?/ And when I die, dear Lord in heaven/ Please take my soul from 'neath that cold, dark ground." Yoakam's strained, mournful voice and acoustic guitar here complement his finely crafted lyrics to pro-

duce a song of extreme honesty and emotion. Sure as a barn-door has splinters, it'll bring a tear to your eye.

Dwight's second album, *Hillbilly Deluxe*, released in 1987, immediately reflects his development as an innovative country artist. The songs included on this album demonstrate Yoakam's masterful ability to balance traditional country-western and hard, fast rock-and-roll. Dwight belts out "Little Ways," "Please, Please Baby," and the Elvis Presley tune "Little Sister" all with raw rock-and-roll energy accompanied by Anderson's electric guitar and a piercing fiddle that adds a country flair.

At the other end of the spectrum, Dwight presents a series of sensitive, emotional melodies of misery and heartache, all haunted by a mournful fiddle and including "Smoke Along the Track," "1000 miles," "Throughout All Time," Johnson's Love," and "Readin', Rightin', Rt. 23." "Johnson's Love" is a quiet, deliberate, and poignant ballad about a man who dies of a broken heart, but whose "love lives on."

"Readin', Rightin', Rt. 23" addresses the problems faced by poverty-stricken families who seek the "luxury and comfort a coal miner can't afford" in the factories of the city. Dwight balefully asks the musical question, "Have you ever been down Kentucky-way/ Say south of Prestonsburg/ Have you ever been up in a holler/ Or have you ever heard/ A mountain man cough his life away/ From that black coal in those dark mines?" Like "Miner's Prayer" on the previous album, "Readin', Rightin'" pays tribute to the proud, begrimed working man, and is "lovingly dedicated" to Dwight's mother, his four aunts, and his uncle Guy Walton.

Dwight Yoakam's next al-

bum was *Buenas Noches from a Lonely Room*, perhaps the fullest expression of his mature talents. The music of *Buenas Noches* is remarkable in that it generally conveys a deeper, fuller, and genuinely western sound that is distinctly different from Dwight's previous work, due in part to the addition of the accordion and mandolin sounds. Similarly, Yoakam's lyrics emerge as extremely thoughtful, but often dark, lamenting and even threatening, especially on such songs as "One More Name," "What I Don't Know," and "Buenas Noches from a Lonely Room (She Wore Red Dresses)."

That title song tells the dark tale of a jealous, vindictive fellow whose lover ran off with another man. Dwight wails, "I never knew him, but he took her away/ On my knees like a madman, for vengeance I prayed/... In the dark morning silence, I placed the gun to her head/ On she wore red dresses, now she lay dead." Regarding such unusual lyrics, it may be inferred that Dwight's romantic encounters with women have been less than blissful. "Buenas Noches" is nevertheless a beautiful piece of music, whose melody tugs at the heartstrings in much the same way as "Johnson's Love."

Also on the slow tender side is "I Sang Dixie," a remorseful and anguished remembrance of the Southland as seen through the eyes of a miserable, dying expatriate Southerner. Dwight moans, "way down yonder in the Land of Cotton/ Old times ain't near as rotten as they are/ On this damned old L.A. street."

Following his working-man hero motif, "Floyd County" is perhaps Dwight's greatest tribute to the hillbilly miner. Accompanied by a moaning, grieving fiddle, Dwight pays his respect to a "soft-spoken mountain man" whose death is mourned by all the

inhabitants of the holler: "Though the world knew nothing of his wisdom/ Or the honest and simple things he did/ There's some folks cryin' on this hillside today/ That know about the humble way he lived."

On a lighter note, Dwight still delivers clever, upbeat, honky-tonk melodies that'll set your boots a-stomping and your hands a-clapping. For example, "Home of the Blues" is a high, bouncy, rousing tune intended for dancing on tables, matched only by the rowdy and raucous of "The Streets of Bakersfield." "Streets of Bakersfield" is a high spirited duet with country-western legend Buck Owens, whose distinctive voice nicely complements Dwight's wailing tones, as a piercing mandolin and an accordion add a unique southwestern flavor.

The most recent album by Dwight Yoakam is 1989's *Just Lookin' for a Hit*, a collection of some of Dwight's greatest hits as well as two new songs, "Long white Cadillac" and "Sin City." "Long White Cadillac" is a heart-pounding guitar jam that cackles with energy, while "Sin City," a duet with the homely but talented K.D. Lang, is a slow, bitter tune interspersed with a gently twittering mandolin and a lulling pedal steel guitar. Here Dwight and K.D. warn, "On the thirty-first floor your gold-plated door/ Won't keep out the Lord's burning rain." This album does include some of Dwight's most popular hits, but it tends to neglect some of his finest, most creative work.

The word on the street has us anticipating the release of another album of brand-new Dwight Yoakam material sometime next fall. Until then, keep your boots on, tip your hat to the womenfolk, and whistle Dixie at least twice a day.

Jane's Addiction: Nothing's Shocking

by John Butler

staff writer

In a bland world of music, there comes a new brand of harsh acoustic rock under the cover of a band called Jane's Addiction. Even though they have only had two albums released, they have already developed a loyal following of fans.

Their sound is a sort of blend of moderate songs with a twist toward the modern side. Their first album, which is self-titled, is a live album of

them performing in concert. The sounds on this album are much rougher than those of their second album, which was recorded in the studio. The high-lights of this album are "Jane Says", one of their most popular tracks, and "Pigs-In-Zen." Other good songs include "Whores" which is moderately fast and discordant, and "My Time," a slow song with harmonica in it.

On their second album, entitled *Nothing's Shocking*,

there is another plethora of good songs, including a new version of "Jane Says" with steel drums added in. On the second album their sound is more refined, and they make more use of keyboards. The simple acoustic guitar most of the time makes them sound different from most bands of today. One of their most moving tracks on the second album is "Ocean Size," which starts out slow, but then crashes into thunderous guitar chords.

The lyrics of the songs, written by the lead singer Perry Ferrel, are confusing at least and resemble free verse poetry rather than a story-line. You can see deeper meanings in the songs the closer you look at them. The "Mountain Song" barrels down on you with guitar riffs as Ferrel's voice screams, tying it all together.

One of the most popular songs on this album is "Summertime Rolls," whose lyrics

are particularly confusing. This song is a little reminiscent of "Rainbird," by Love and Rockets. Although they were supposed to have a new album out this past March, it has been delayed, but should be out shortly. The artwork on both albums shows one facet of the meanings of their songs in general and their world view. All in all, both of the albums are recommended and will be enjoyed by most anyone.

ENTERTAINMENT

Summer Movie Preview: THE CHURCH

by Shade Murray
a great guy, a late guy

Now that summer has come, so has this year's blockbuster films. This is the time when every studio is competing to produce the sleeper of the year, and the viewer gets to enjoy a calvacade of great films with big name stars. Here's a list of some of the season's promising picks:

Die Hard 2- This sequel is actually a re-hash of the first film. You have the same cop (Bruce Willis) waiting to see his wife, when those pesky terrorists take everyone by hostage and Bruce has to save the day, this time through the air ducts and elevator shafts of Washington D.C.'s airport. Don't expect anything different from the last one, but then again, if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

Total Recall- In the year 2084, construction worker Arnold Schwarzenegger has a memory chip of a vacation to the now inhabited Mars implanted in him, instead of paying for the real trip. When he starts to remember things about Mars which were not on the memory chip, he retraces his life to a totally different identity in which he was a secret agent. Needless to say, he finds out about his identity in the typical "babes and bul-

lets" Schwarzenegger fashion.

Days of Thunder- Boy oh boy, another Tom Cruise Top Gun-Cocktail-All the Right Moves movie. Cruise stars as an underdog race car driver who grows personally as he moves up the ladder of NASCAR racing. A deep-thinking race car driver? Sounds like a let down after Born on the Fourth of July.

Dick Tracy- The long awaited Warren Beatty version of the comic book cop. With Madonna, Al Pacino, and Dustin Hoffman helping out, this could outdo *Batman*, with its flashy musical numbers à la Madonna, surreal sets and villains. It should be good, considering that director Beatty would sometimes spend up to 52 takes on a simple scene, just because he would want everything to be perfect.

Arachnophobia- This thriller is about two men (Jeff Daniels and John Goodman) who find a bird-eating giant spider while they are visiting the jungle. Somehow, "Big Bob" (the nickname the spider gets) follows them back to America and brings havoc. Sounds ridiculous, but should cause the same kind of fear Jaws created because every-

one has a primal fear of spiders.

In Short: Also coming this summer is *Another 48 Hours*, starring Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte. Just like *Die Hard 2*, you should expect nothing different from the original. The final installment of *Back to the Future* will be hitting theatres May 25. This time, Mary Steenburgen (Parenthood) joins the time travelers in the old west for the grand finale of this trilogy. John Ritter adopts a young boy whose pen pal is a psychotic killer in the black comedy *Problem Child*. But, I personally believe that the two most compelling dramas this season will be the two following:

Frankenhooker is a moving story about a scientist who, after loosing his fiancée in a fatal lawn mower accident, reassembles her by substituting her mangled body parts with those of prostitutes. The other is a touching film which warms the heart with the story of *The Feebles*, a group of fuzzy animals which includes Harry the Hare, a rabbit with a fatal social disease and the young Denis the Anteater, a confused teenager with a fetish for ladies' underwear. Ah, the marvels of today's cinema.

GOLD AFTERNOON FIX

by Eric Greenwood
staff writer

Throughout the past decade the Australian psychedelic band The Church have built their following upon creating an ethereal sound that mixes lush guitars with the soothing melodies of frontman Steve Kilbey.

Their last album, *Starfish*, gave the band a taste of commercial success with the song, "Under the Milky Way," which filtered its way onto mainstream radio.

Two years later The Church returns with their seventh album, entitled *Gold Afternoon Fix*. This album avoids the commercial route; instead, it dives deep into that sense of other-worldliness that many of their past albums created.

The band's refusal to break new musical ground on the album could be a result of the number of solo projects that they produce outside of The Church.

Singer/songwriter/bassist Steve Kilbey released another solo album this past year entitled, *Unearthed*, and he worked with Donnette Thayer of the Game Theory on a project titled Hex. Kilbey also has another solo album, *Remindlessness*, due out in the coming months.

Guitarists Marty Willson-Piper and Peter Koppes each released solo albums as well: *Rhyme* (Willson-Piper) and *From the Well* (Koppes).

The standing of drummer Richard Ploog is unsure. The band claims that Ploog is having an extended holiday to decide what he wants to do, leaving The Church consisting indefinitely of three mem-

bers. This decision was made by both Ploog and the rest of the band. Meanwhile, Jay Dee Dougherty, formerly of the Patti Smith group, will be handling drums for the band while Ploog is on hiatus.

This disruption within the band has no effect on the new album, however. On *Gold Afternoon Fix*, The Church seem to be moving back to the style that the band possessed in the early years which consisted of a musical moodiness ruled by an atmospheric element in the melodies.

The album opens with "Pharaoh," a mystical tune led by the textured guitars of Willson-Piper and Koppes. The first style, "Metropolis," is an upbeat song with lyrics that Kilbey explains as creating a vague atmosphere.

The album glides along soothingly once again creating a sense of otherworldliness. Occasionally, songs such as "Terra Nova Cain," "Russian Autumn Heart," and "Transient" provide the album with a rocky beat with Willson-Piper taking vocals on "Russian Autumn Heart" and Koppes taking vocals on "Transient."

The Church prove their strength as a band on both "Essence" and "Disappointment," two high points on the album. The final track, "Grind," is perhaps the best one in the album with Kilbey's deep wavering vocals and the murky beat provided by Ploog.

Returning to their old style, The Church encompasses a psychedelic moodiness which prevails on *Gold Afternoon Fix*.

The Top Ten Statements MBA Students Wish They Could Say Honestly

compiled by Simon Westlake

10. This test shouldn't take the entire period.
9. Hey, Dr. Crowell, what you said was really funny!
8. No, that wasn't me!
7. I'm going to do my science fair experiment during the summer.
6. Ah! Now I understand.
5. I finished my homework during eighth period study hall.
4. I'm a good driver. No, really.
3. Yes, Mrs. Lowry, I did my theme over the weekend.
2. Gee, Mr. Mikell, you're right!
1. On my honor as a gentleman...

A big Bell Ringer thanks to the Shadow (ESAD) for cleaning up the stadium!

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SPORTS

LACROSSE

It takes a quick stick to beat a tight crease!!!

by Richard Fitzgerald
and Jeff Lundstrom

reporters

No, this is not an obscure innuendo, but common lingo in the hottest, fastest, and roughest new game in the midstate: lacrosse. What does it take to play lacrosse? The ferocity of a linebacker, the precision of a point guard, along with the endurance of a miler. All this combined in a hard, quick, action-packed game, with the intensity of hockey.

Last fall several students with a mutual interest in the game of lacrosse met several days a week after school playing pick-up games and basically just throwing the ball around. Little did they know, they were establishing the foundation of a new varsity sport at MBA.

One day, a neighbor of MBA, John Baer, saw them trying to play lacrosse, and expressed an interest in coaching a lacrosse team. Mr. Baer grew up playing lacrosse on Long Island. He played

goalie for Brockport University in New York and received an all-American honorable mention in 1976. Mr. Baer then moved to Australia, where he played on the Australian National Team. He was also a founding member and coach of the Florida International Lacrosse Club. Now having a coach, we were one step closer to the reality of MBA lacrosse.

In the early spring of 1990, MBA agreed to fund its first varsity lacrosse team. In mid-April, the equipment arrived and we began practice. In the first weeks, our chance for success looked dismal, but excellent coaching and persistence changed everything. We often found ourselves practicing well past six o'clock, rain or shine. The team progressed steadily in anticipation of our first game against Germantown Academy from Memphis. No one knew what to think about playing our first lacrosse game against the most experi-

enced team in Tennessee. Although it was a hard fought game, MBA came out on the losing end. However, in spite of our loss, our team practically learned more in that three hour game than we had in the previous three weeks.

During the three weeks prior to our next game, we worked even harder to overcome our weaknesses. On May 5, MBA hosted Christian Brothers High School, also from Memphis. Coming off of a bitter defeat, the MBA lacrosse team, fueled by the heckling crowd, dominated the entire game. Paced by Jeff Lundstrom with three goals, and excellent play from the attack, defense, and our brick-wall goalies, MBA maintained its intensity until the final horn, when we posted our first victory (11-6). The MBA lacrosse team once again showed its unflagging commitment by spending steeplechase weekend in Memphis pursuing a State Championship.

J.V. Baseball ends season

by Brent Miller

reporter

The 1990 M.B.A. Big Red J.V. Baseball Team concluded its season with a 13-3 thrashing of U.S.N. The team began its tough season with Grant High from New York at Cocoa Expo in Cocoa Beach, Florida. The team without much practice suffered a hard loss, but managed to recover to face the Commandoes of Hendersonville High in their first city game. The Big Red, led by a superb pitching performance from Trent Batey and a homerun smashed by centerfielder Ryan Tyrrell, rolled over Hendersonville. The J.V. next faced David Lipscomb in a game in which it suffered a tragic seventh

inning loss to the Mustangs after an excellent performance by Thomas Carlton on the mound. The J.V. team finished its season with a close run which fell short to McGavock, a disappointing loss to Hume Fogg, and an uplifting win against U.S.N. The team was led on offense by the consistent hitting of Hunter Connelly, the hard hitting strokes of Patrick Hale and Ben Nimmo, not to mention the two triples displayed by David Cortis in the win over U.S.N. The team was led on defense by the sure-gloved infielders Joe Underwood, John Schlansker, Greg Hollyfield, and Derek Van Mol and by the outfielders Will Berry and David Howerton.



Lacrosse team visits Memphis

by Sonny Brian

reporter

On May 12, the lacrosse team departed early, too early, for Memphis to compete in the State Championship, along with McCallie, Germantown, MUS, and Christian Brothers. After arriving in Memphis and checking into the luxurious Holiday Inn, the team kicked back in their rooms and prepared for the upcoming game versus Germantown.

Despite the hurricane-like weather, the team defeated Germantown 3 to 1 to avenge their previous loss. After this uplifting victory, the team returned to the hotel to unwind and prepare for the night in Memphis.

Despite the constant fireworks, we managed to get some sleep until we were all rudely awakened by the impolite hotel operator at 5:30 a.m. The day continued to go badly for us as the Big Red

faced a fired-up MUS team on their home field.

After losing 2-1, the Big Red team was extremely frustrated, and Matt Poe began a fight with Bart, Germantown's star player, who had been taunting Poe from the sidelines. After the bench-clearing brawl, parents and coaches flooded the field in an attempt to stop the fight. After returning to the hotel, MBA got fired up for the game against Christian Brothers.

After rallying in the fourth quarter to win 4-1, the Big Red celebrated their victory and state championship.

However, due to a last-second change of rules MBA was declared co-champions along with MUS. Despite the unfortunate turn of events, the Big Red returned home, knowing we were the best in the state.

The 11th Annual Bell Ringer Bike Race

photos by Arthur Reid and Andrew Duthie



<TOP> The winners: Kami-Kazi Eggplants (better known as Brad Maggart, left, Justin Crosslin, brother John Crosslin, and David Proctor), with a time of 35:25.88 for 50 laps, just 4 seconds short of the record. Their time may have been better had Laos' Killers been disqualified sooner for changing bikes mid-race and for cutting off the lead biker.

<TOP RIGHT> Second place, The Chimneys.

<RIGHT> The action was intense, with flying water balloons, minor wrecks, one injury (non-fatal...), and really, really big curves.



SPORTS

Varsity Tennis season

by Oman Sloan

Sports Editor

Once again, another season of exciting and tense tennis has come to an end. The memories are still fresh like a recent stab wound in the back. Now that the dynamic Bill Cherry has joined the ranks of the Alumni Association and the University of Virginia, the tennis team has now been able to continue without him. The heir to Bill's long career at the masthead of the team was Morgan "Quamai, the boy genius" Parker. It was an ugly position, but Morgan was nearly up to the job. Leighton "Yea M6n" Thomas, Mark Bittles, and Oman "the Omen" Sloan rounded out the top four positions, followed by Todd Foust and David "Black-Top" Fitzgerald. The rest of the team included David "Hollywood" Mason, Daniel Donelson, Frank Bass, Sam Smaldone, and Andy Stoll.

The regular season resulted in the now commonplace decimation of all (if any) competition. Hillwood, Hillsboro, and USN are only a few of the casualties which the tennis team left in its wake in search of yet another Final Four season, and, perhaps, a State title. As the season progressed, it seemed that times had changed with the passing of Bill. There were no more of the familiar team trips to Memphis, Chattanooga, or even Louisville for tough competition with such schools as Baylor, McCallie, MUS, or Germantown. With the Second Annual Absence of the Rotary Tournament at the Baylor School, the MBA tennis team had only one tournament in which to participate: the Carter Invitational Tournament. Tragically, the A Division team was stomped out of contention: the only players contributing points for the team were David Fitzgerald with 1 point, Leighton Thomas with 1.5 points, and Oman Sloan with 2 points (Leighton and Oman combined in the #1 doubles position to win 1 point; thus giving the team a collective total of 3.5). In the B Division, the MBA players scored a resounding victory and nearly

swept the entire tournament. The tournament had a frightening moment when Leighton and Oman were close to being unable to continue in their quest to glean some semblance of victory on behalf of the team; moreover, the tournament came violently close to losing its director during a dangerous accident in the office.

With the Carter Tournament concluded, the annual showdown with the Sports Academy (for the uninitiated, Brentwood Academy) took place. MBA came home with the victory once again. Despite starting the match with a 2-0 deficit on account of having to default two matches to Brentwood, the Big Red swept the rest of the matches. The season, at least, had not been a complete wasteland of uncompetitive competition.

With all this exciting tennis, the post-season proved to be just as exciting. The District Tournament commenced with Mark Bittles and David Fitzgerald representing the team in the singles division, and the doubles teams of Leighton Thomas and Oman Sloan and Morgan Parker and Andy Stoll entering the doubles division. Mark scored an impressive victory over USN's David Johnston: 7-6, 6-1. MBA swept the doubles division with the two doubles teams meeting in the finals. Leighton and Oman notched yet another victory, defeating Morgan and Andy, 6-3, 6-2.

With such convincing wins in the District Tournament, the team as a unit was able to enter the Regional Team Tournament. FRA was MBA's first victim in the Region. The team swept through every match, winning 5-0. In the finals, the team was forced to travel from home to face down Donaldson Christian. Once again, the team rolled straight through their so-called competition in a sweeping 5-0 victory. And, once again, the MBA tennis team carried the Region 6 Team Tournament Title.

The next week brought the Regional 6 Individual Tournament which took place

at the brand new Centennial Sportsplex. As the tournament progressed, it became evident that it would repeat the outcome of the District Tournament. Leighton and Oman laid waste to their competition on their way to the finals: in the semi-finals, the Monoliths of Power faced FRA's John Faber and Brent Coker. Coming out of a slow first set, the team finally established their complete dominance of their opponents and won 7-6, 6-2. In the finals, Leighton and Oman once again faced their teammates Morgan and Andy. Leighton and Oman were again slow in the beginning, but pulled out the V: 3-6, 7-5, 6-2. "We were a little overconfident going into the match because of the District finals and underestimated [Morgan and Andy]. But, once we dropped the first set we knew we had to get our act together. "The third set was where we finally started to work together," commented Leighton. Mark Bittles was invincible in his search for the Region Title. As the heavy favorite to win, Mark swept through his matches to the finals in which he played David Johnston again. Mark was ready for David in this matched and did not allow his opponent to have anything. He captured the title with a convincing 6-4, 6-3 win.

By having a near perfect sweep of the Region 6 Tournaments, the team was ready to enter the substate competition. Mount Juliet journeyed to MBA with a large crowd to cheer on its team. Nonetheless, MBA could not be denied. The tennis team won the match 4-1. Morgan, at the #1 position, faced a questionable opponent, but pulled out the win 3-6, 6-2, 7-5. It was a good win. With the substate title, the team is poised to compete in the State Tournament. With hope, when the reader reads this, the team will have been successful in both the Team and Individual State Tournament. Congratulations guys! A few discrepant elements aside, the team pulled together and made the season the most successful one in four years.

Varsity Soccer season disappointing

by David Loft

Copy Editor

The Big Red soccer squad finished up the season in an up-and-down sort of way. After the spectacular 1-0 win at Hillwood, the Red lost the next game to Brentwood.

Coming back strong, MBA scored two consecutive victories, tearing up a surprisingly good USN team 5-1, and then beating FRA on their own muddy field. The team was particularly glad to see Zabo as the coach, and John Ford was humored when Warren Connolly ripped his teammate's shorts.

Then, on Friday, MBA suffered a very disappointing defeat at the hands of those purple Ryan people.

Moving on after this loss, the Big Red men defeated the Overton Bobcats. The next game, which Coach Lanier called "the worst game we played this season," was another loss, this time to the Hillsboro Burros.

Seeded second in the district by virtue of its record, MBA played and defeated FRA in the first round. In the second round, MBA, playing excellent soccer, soundly defeated Hillwood. The high point of this game was Pat Harkleroad's "spark of brilliance," a powerful, dipping volley that was the first score. Unfortunately, Sean Murphy was severely injured in the mouth, but his sacrifice seemed only to make the Big Red play better.

Father Ryan, the top seed in the district, beat USN in the second round, and therefore met the Big Red for a second time at home. This game, too,

yielded undesirable results, but the team's disappointment was mollified by anticipation of facing Ryan again in the Regional tournament (because both first and second place in the district went to Regionals).

In order to meet Ryan again, however, MBA had first to play McGavock in the semifinals. The best word to characterize this game is *strange*. Despite the magnificently large McGavock fan section, MBA was up 2-0 about five minutes into the game. Soon after McGavock's first score, however, a misunderstanding, involving a call made by the linesman that was not acknowledged by the referee, resulted in the opponent's second goal. The game went all downhill from there, and unfortunately the Big Red never got the chance to avenge four consecutive years of losses to Father Ryan.

Ryan went on to defeat McGavock in overtime to be Regional champions. But then Ryan fell in overtime at the merciless hands of the Hendersonville soccer capitol of the world Commandos.

Hendersonville, very unfortunately, lost to Christian Brothers from Memphis in the state Championships.

CORRECTION - *this year's World Cup is in Italy, not in the U.S. The U.S. will be host in 1994. This summer, the Cup may be viewed on TNT. The first round begins June 8, and the final match is on July 8. Get ready for a month of great soccer!*



Sean Murphy juggles the ball away from a Ryan foe.

SENIOR DIRECTIONS

Steven Anderson United States Air Force Academy	Daniel Donelson University of Tennessee	Dan James University of Michigan	Eugene Park Dartmouth College
Richard Arendale Baylor University	Andrew Duthie University of Michigan	Hal Jones Eckerd College	Chris Petrie University of Colorado
Brandon Barrett Davidson College	Will Enkema University of Tennessee	Kirk Kaludis Northwestern University	Richard Pulley Pennsylvania State University
John Bass University of North Carolina	Eric Falk Northwestern University	Shravan Kambam Vanderbilt University	Jonathan Reeve Western Kentucky University
Devraj Basu Brown University	Jay Ferguson University of Tennessee	Martin Keith Tennessee Technological University	Martin Roberts Vanderbilt University
Sharpe Belote University of the South	Matt Fisher University of North Carolina	Kevin Kimery Vanderbilt University	John Rochford Vanderbilt University
Jay Bradford Middlebury College	John Ford Southern Methodist University	Kevin King Vanderbilt University	Bill Sastry Vanderbilt University
Dan Brooks University of Colorado	Pieter Foster Fordham University	John Koon Duke University	Nate Sewell Columbia University
Scott Burrow United States Military Academy (at West Point)	Rénard François University of Pennsylvania	Kevin Kruse University of North Carolina	Oman Sloan Middlebury College
Winston Caldwell Vanderbilt University	Jay Gilliland Year off / work	John Lamb Texas Christian University	Alden Smith Davidson College
George Clements Baylor University	David Haslam Davidson College	Rob Lentz Connecticut College	Brett Stahlman Work
Lindsey Cooper University of the South	William Hastings University of Tennessee	David Lott Duke University	Christopher Tapia Centre College
Andrew Coulam Brown University	Jim Haynes Oberlin College	Billy Lyell University of Tennessee	Leighton Thomas University of Colorado
Billy Crawford University of North Carolina	Drew Heitzler Fordham University	Mauro Mastrapasqua Duke University	Stuart Towery Auburn University
Brent Cummings University of Virginia	Chris Horstman University of Tennessee	Carter McNabb Trinity College, CT	David Trainer Trinity College, TX
Brandon Daniell Middlebury College	Robert Howell Year off / work	Rob Murphy University of Notre Dame	Chris Wayburn University of North Carolina
Craig Davis University of Pennsylvania	Ryan Hulbert University of Tennessee	David Neff University of Tennessee	Simon Westlake University of Tennessee
Clayton Dike University of Mississippi	Matt Inman University of Tennessee	Lee Page Boston University	David Workman Skidmore College
			Scott Yates Auburn University

**Congratulations,
Seniors!
Good luck to next
year's staff!**
-Andrew

**Congratu-
lations to
the Class
of 1990!**
-from a friend

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